CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HYMNAL.

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Rachel G. Ad
Newtown Pa.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HYMNAL

A SELECTION OF

SPIRITUAL SONGS

PUBLISHED BY
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY
BOSTON, MASS.
1898

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BOSTON, U. S. A.

PREFACE TO REVISED HYMNAL.

In presenting this Revised Hymnal the committee do not claim that it is strictly scientific, as they were obliged to select very largely from hymns composed by those who were unacquainted with the teachings of Christian Science. While not entirely composed of hymns written exactly in accordance with the doctrines of Christian Science, it presents the acme of religious and poetic thought contained in the best hymns of the day, as well as in the best compositions thus far contributed by Christian Scientists.

Much labor has been bestowed upon this compilation by the Committee, and in the musical department of this work great credit is due Mr. Lyman Brackett of Boston, Mass., for untiring effort to present the most useful and varied collection of tunes ever issued in one hymnal,—the purpose being to appeal to every lover of church music, of whatever taste or ability. Special attention has been given to the wedding of words and music, not only as to character of composition, but in respect to proper accentuation, etc., wherever it has been found possible.

The Revision of the Christian Science Hymnal has been made with a view to eliminate the difficulties which many users of the book have found in connecting the proper words or syllables of hymns with their corresponding notes in either of the three tunes as used in the former arrangement. To accomplish this purpose it was decided to publish a Hymnal, in which the words and the syllables shall appear beneath the notes to which they are to be sung.

In revising the hymnal it was found impracticable to use all the music in the old Hymnal, as the new book would comprise nearly 700 pages and the cost would be largely increased. It has therefore been the aim of the Committee to select for this Hymnal the music that is the best known and the most used.

In every case the first hymn has been set to the first tune with the exception of No. 47. The second hymns have been set either to the second or the third

tunes to which they have been formerly sung with the exceptions of hymns 12, 16, 18, 34, 38, 48, 52, 54, 58, 64, 76, 82, 90, 106, 114, 118, which have been set to other second or third tunes, for the reason that some of the second tunes — old German and English chorals — seem to find but little favor with the general modern taste, and some of the third tunes written for solos are not well adapted for congregational singing.

The tunes from 1 to 179 have been selected especially with a view to their adaptability for congregational singing. Some of the best known and favorite hymns, "Abide with me," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Still, still with Thee," "Lead, kindly Light," "Shepherd, show me how to go," "O'er waiting harp-strings," "Saw ye my Saviour," and a few others have received duplicate settings and are placed in the latter part of the book. In addition to these hymns two others, "I need Thee every hour" and "I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger," have been added at the suggestion of the Rev. Mary Baker Eddy. There will be found, also, a new setting of "O'er waiting harp-strings of the mind" to one of Mr. Brackett's best tunes.

Acknowledgments are due to Oliver Ditson Co., C. H. Richards, The Century Co., American Unitarian Association, Methodist Book Concern, Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., A. S. Barnes & Co., J. & A. McMillan, Fillmore Bros., and others, for use of hymns published by them.

Boston, Mass., 1897.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HYMNAL

1 Old Hundred. L. M.

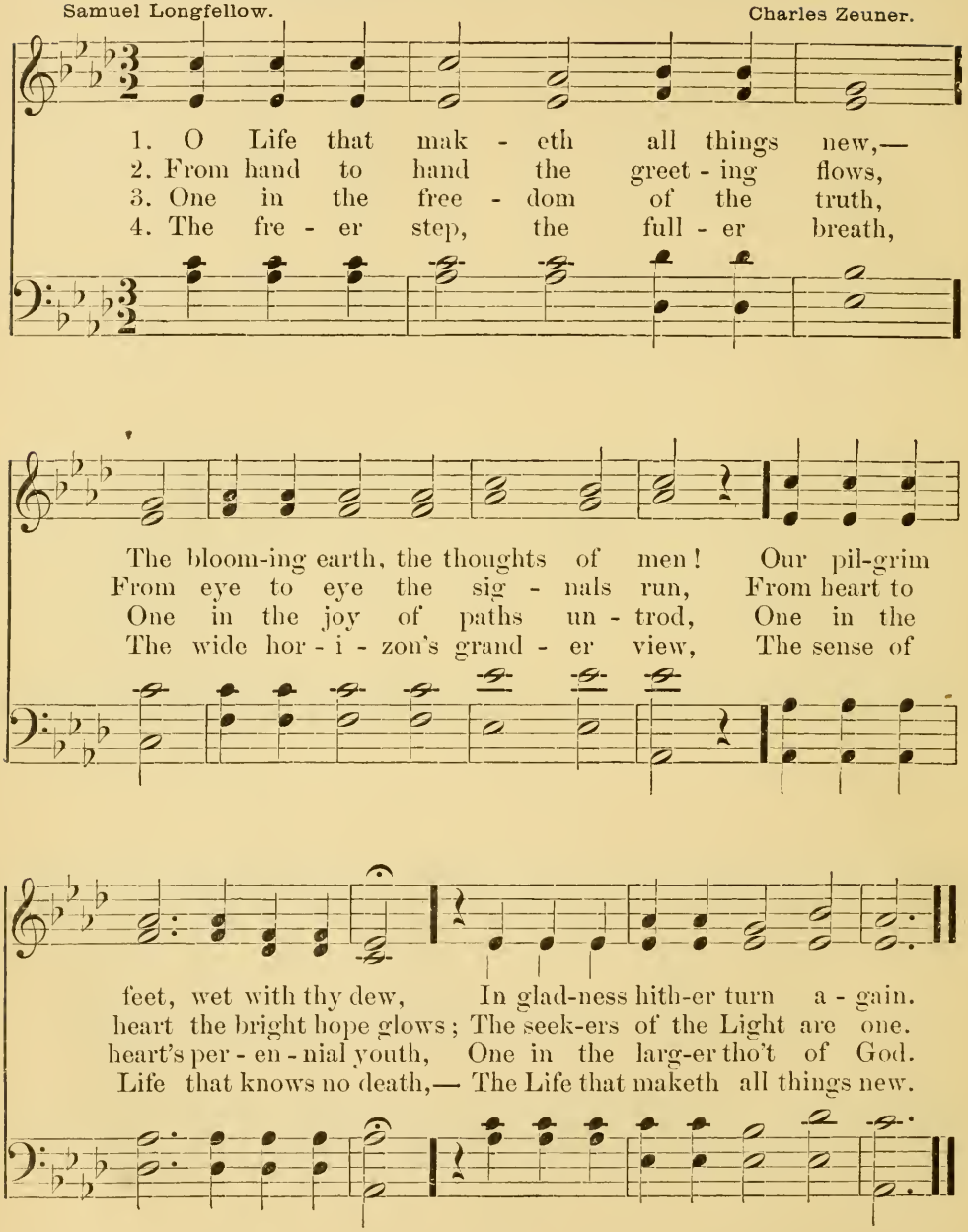
Isaac Watts, alt. Guillaume Franck.

2 I Praise Thee, Lord, for Blessings Sent. L. M.

Brackett.

3 Missionary Chant. L. M.

Samuel Longfellow. Charles Zeuner.

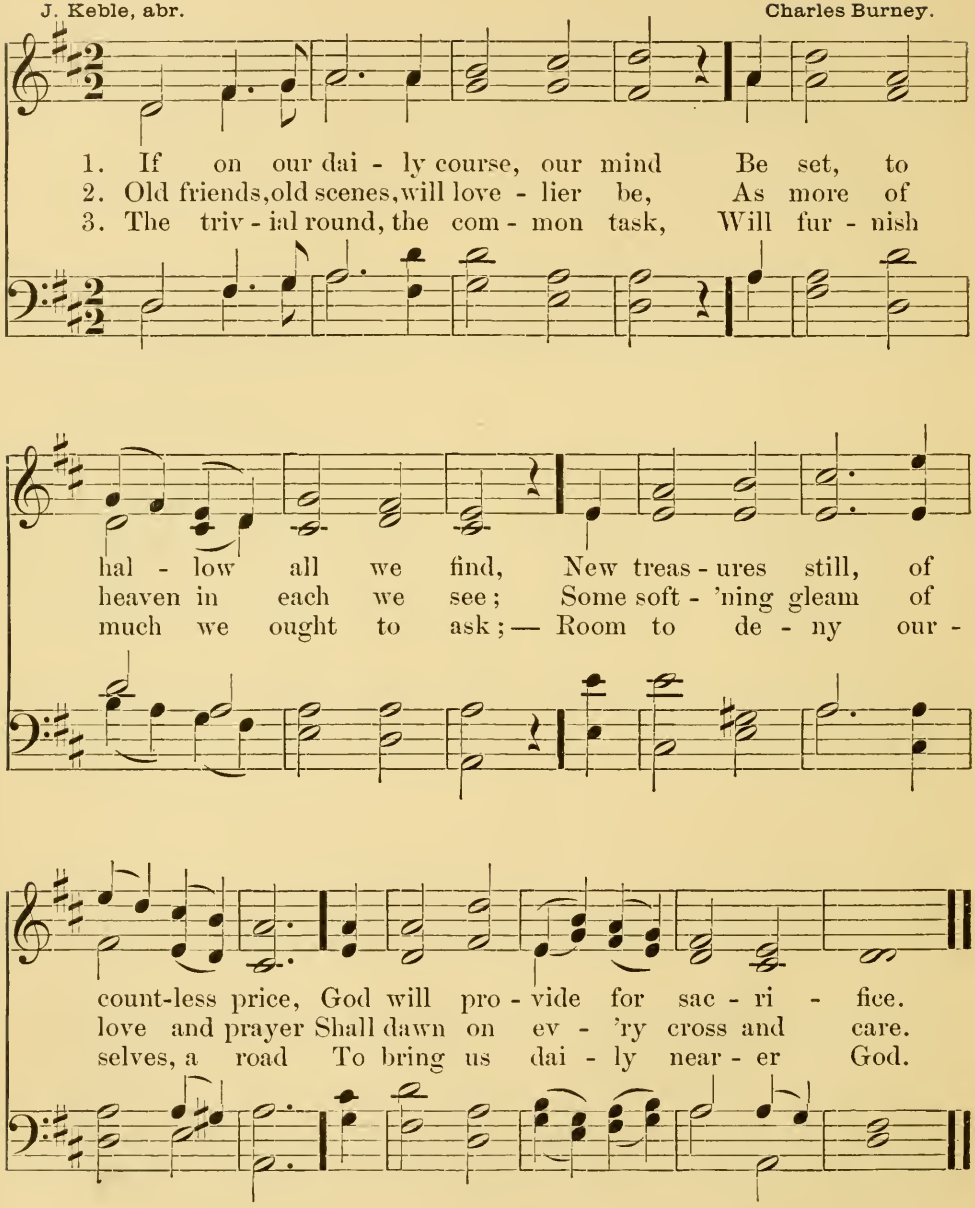


4 Press On, Press On, Ye Sons of Light. L. M.

William Gaskell. Brackett.

5 Truro. L. M.

J. Keble, abr. Charles Burney.

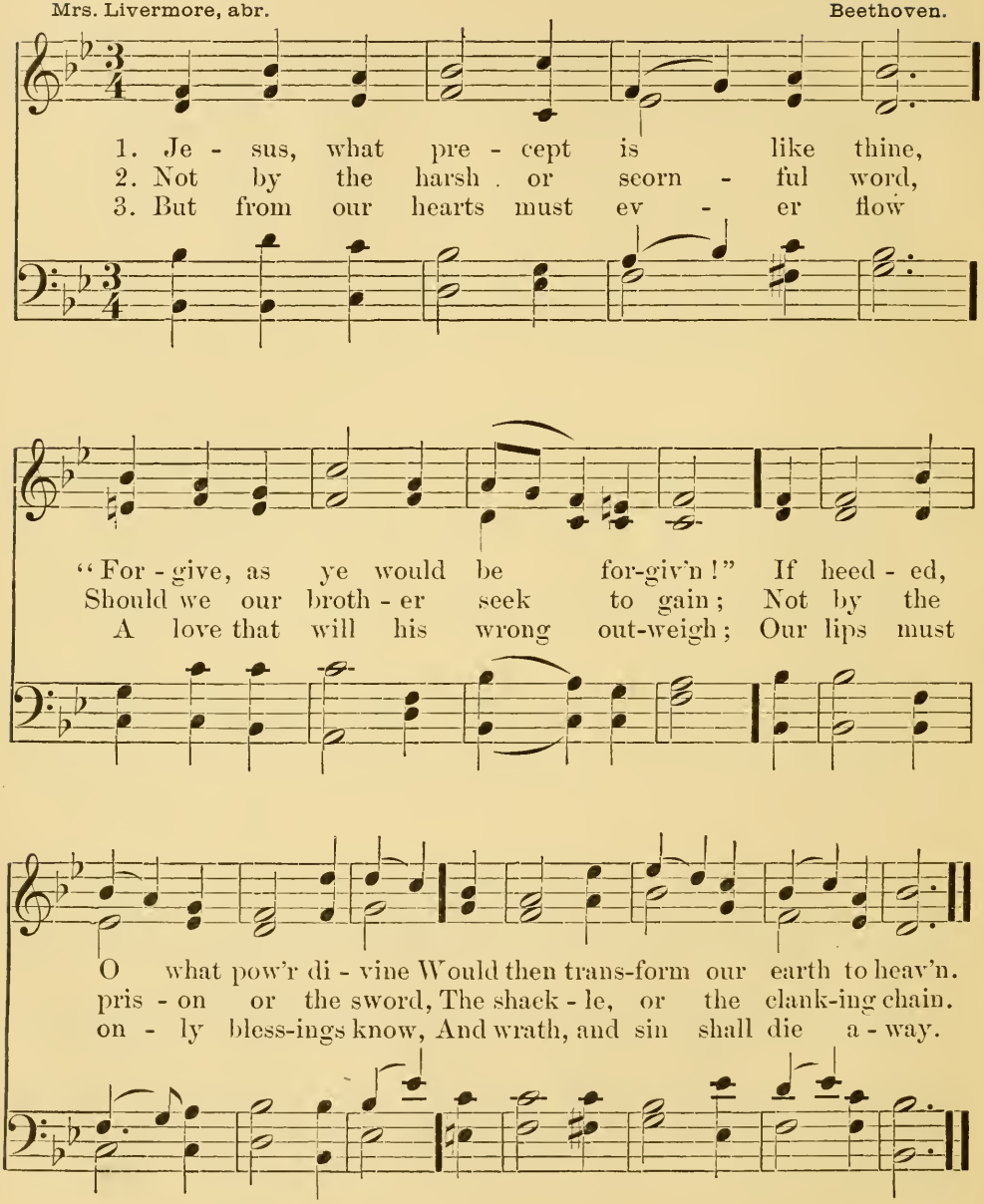


6 Kingdoms and Thrones to God Belong. L. M.

Isaac Watts, abr. Brackett.

7 Germany. L. M.

Mrs. Livermore, abr. Beethoven.

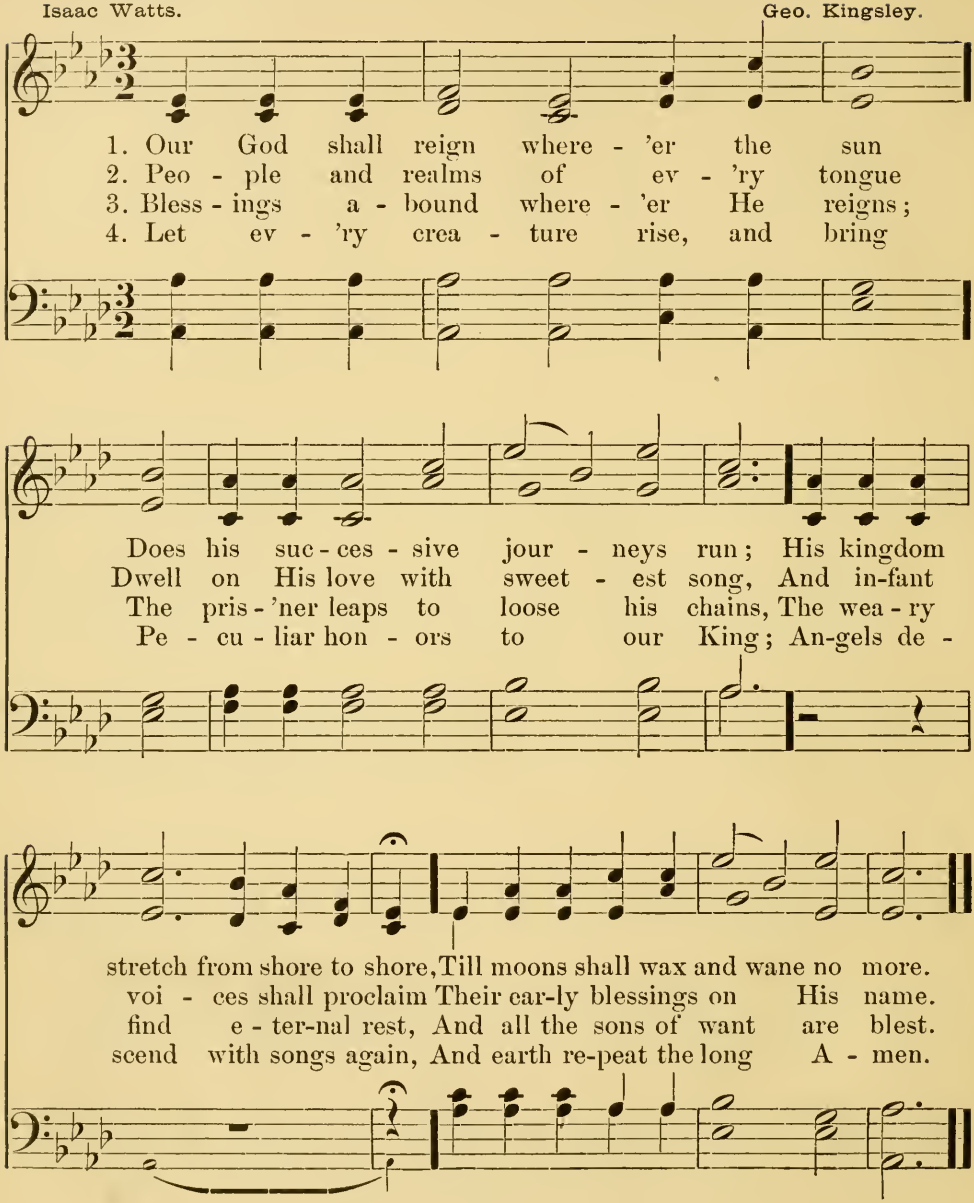


8 Sun of Our Life, Thy Quickening Ray. L. M.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, abr. Brackett.

9 WARE. L. M.

Isaac Watts. Geo. Kingsley.

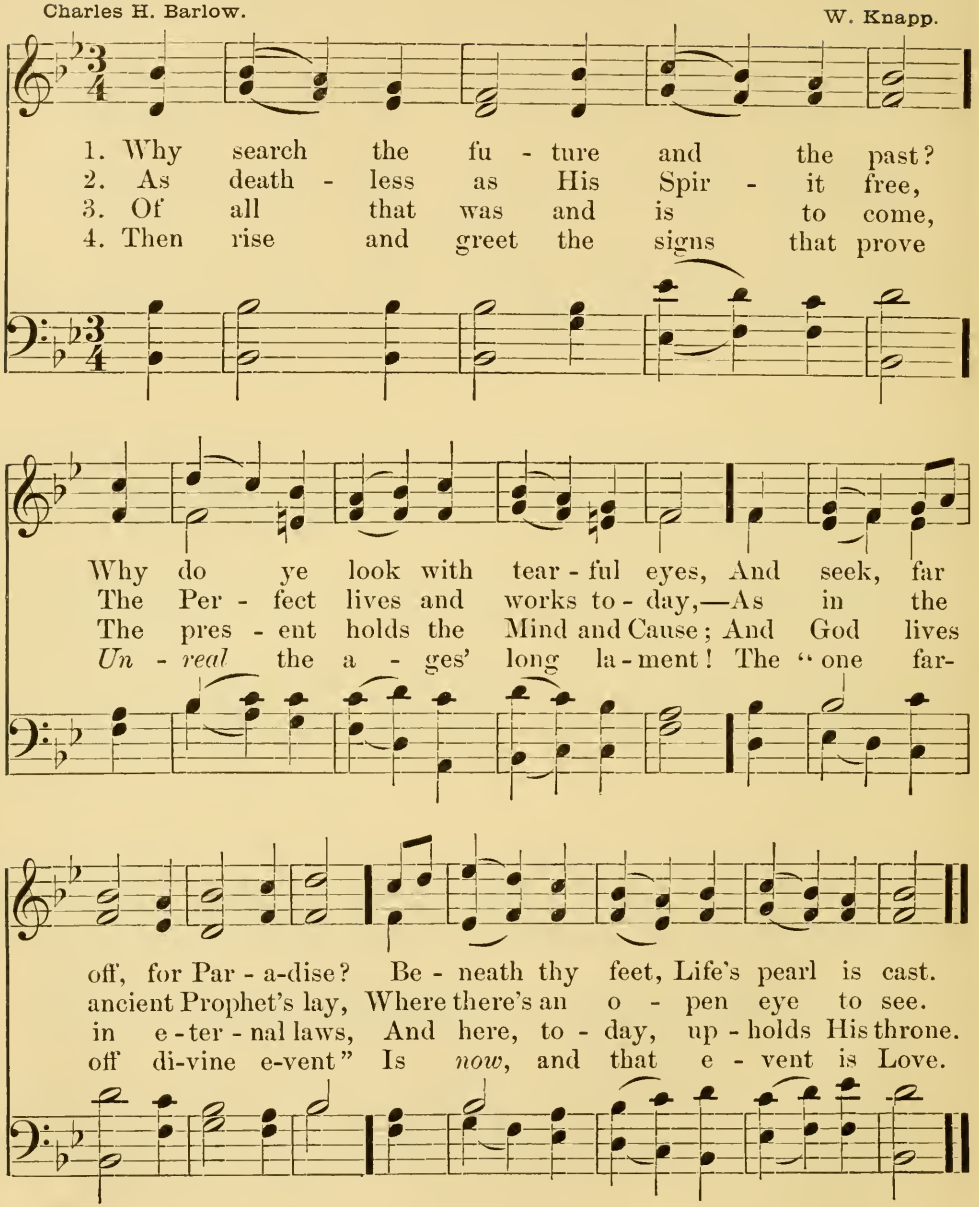


10 Father, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts. L. M.

Ray Palmer, tr. Brackett.

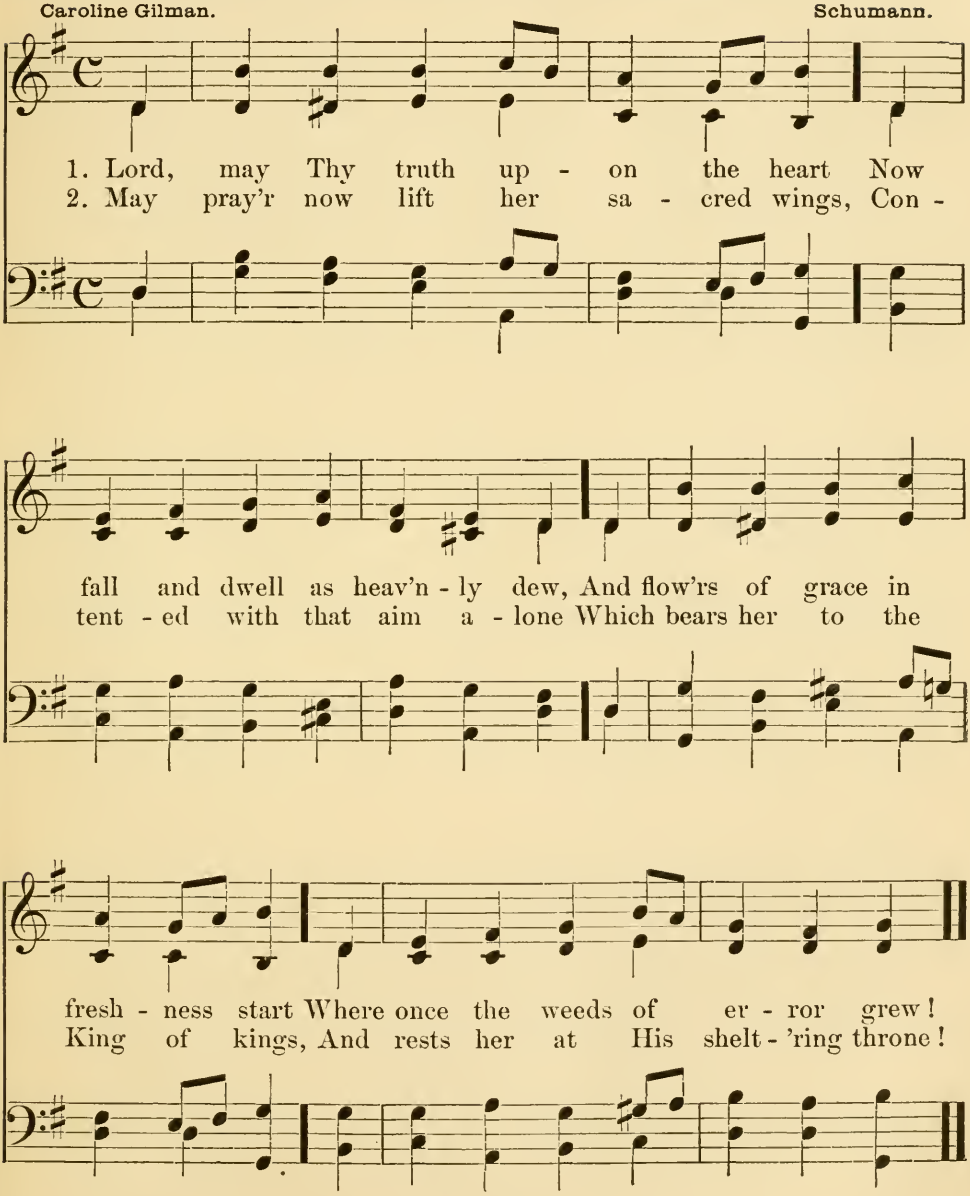
11 All Saints. L. M.

Charles H. Barlow. W. Knapp.



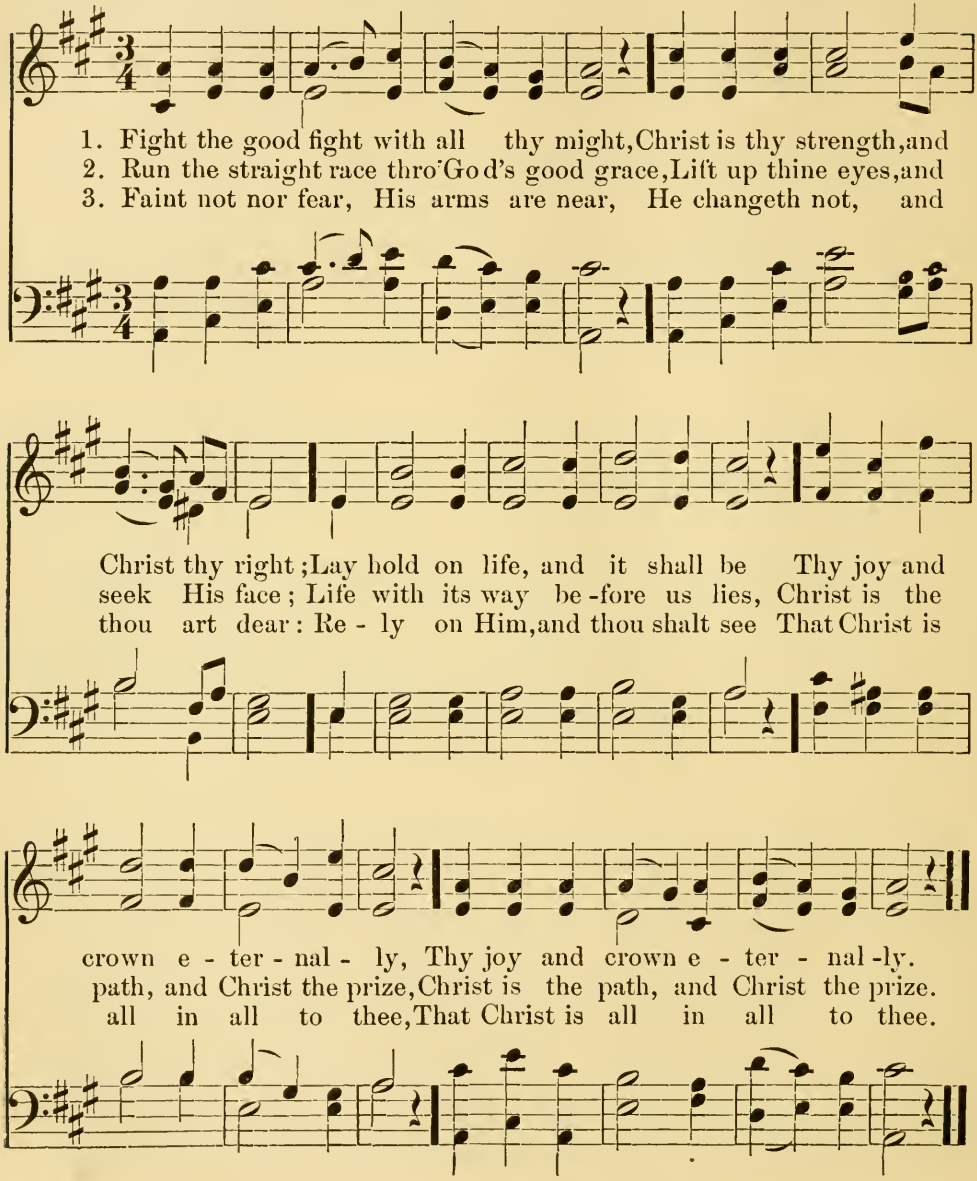
12 Lord, May Thy Truth upon the Heart. L. M.

Caroline Gilman. Schumann.



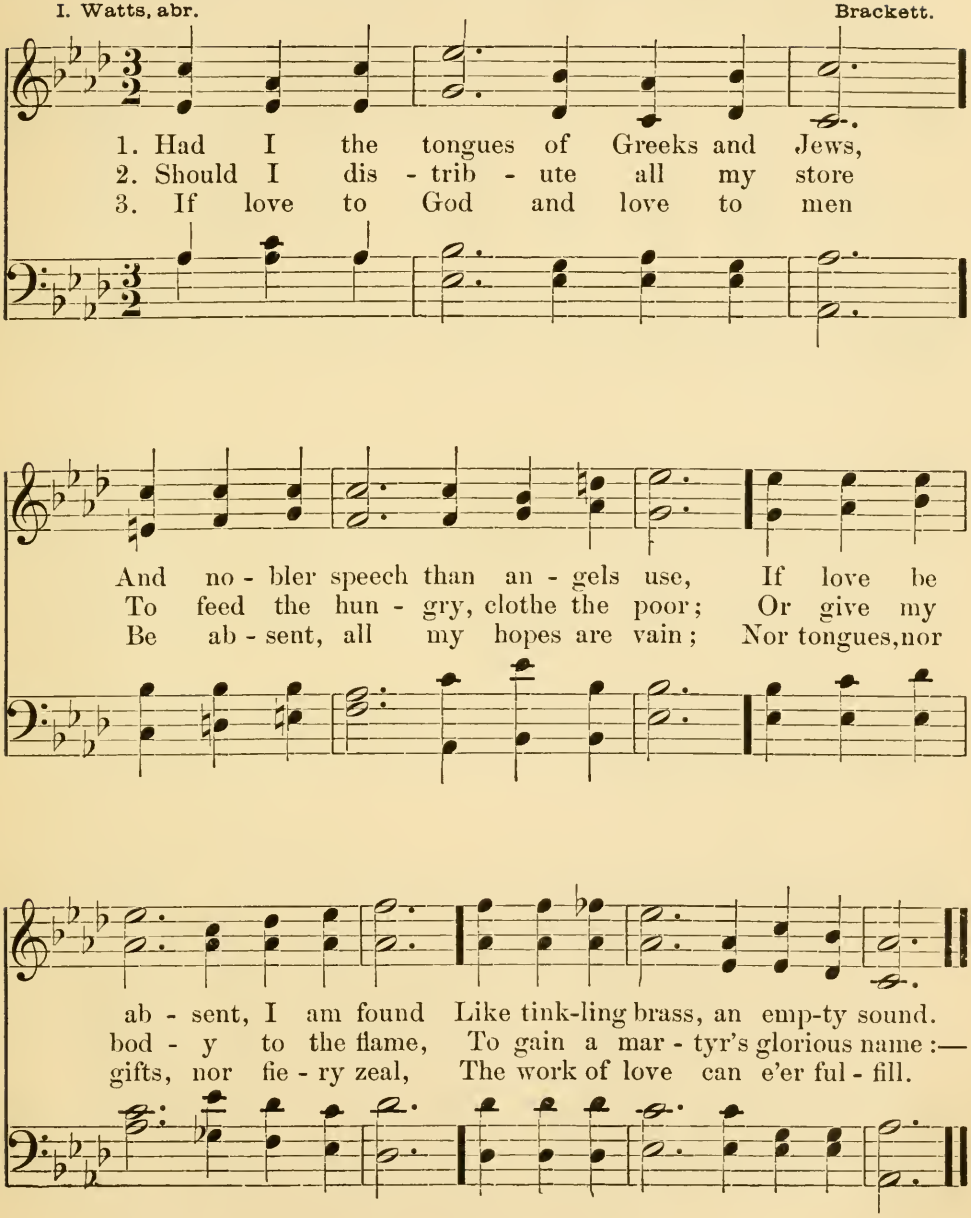
13 Park Street. L. M.

Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, abr. and alt. Frederick Marc Antoine Venua.



14 Had I the Tongues of Greeks and Jews. L. M.

I. Watts, abr. Brackett.



15 Zephyr. L. M.

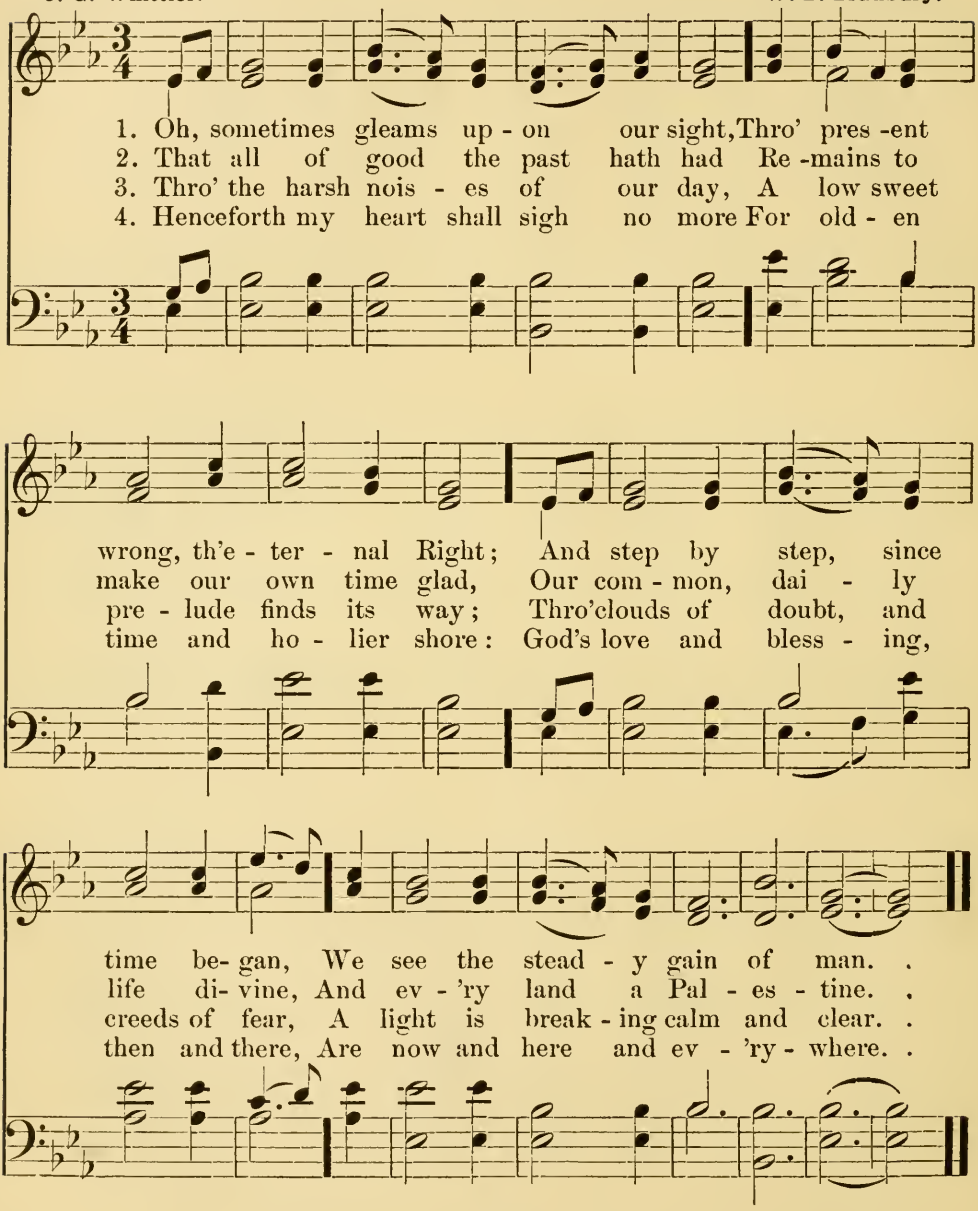
J. Bowring, alt. W. B. Bradbury.

16 Hath Not Thy Heart within Thee Burned? L. M.

Stephen G. Bulfinch, abr. Berthold Tours.

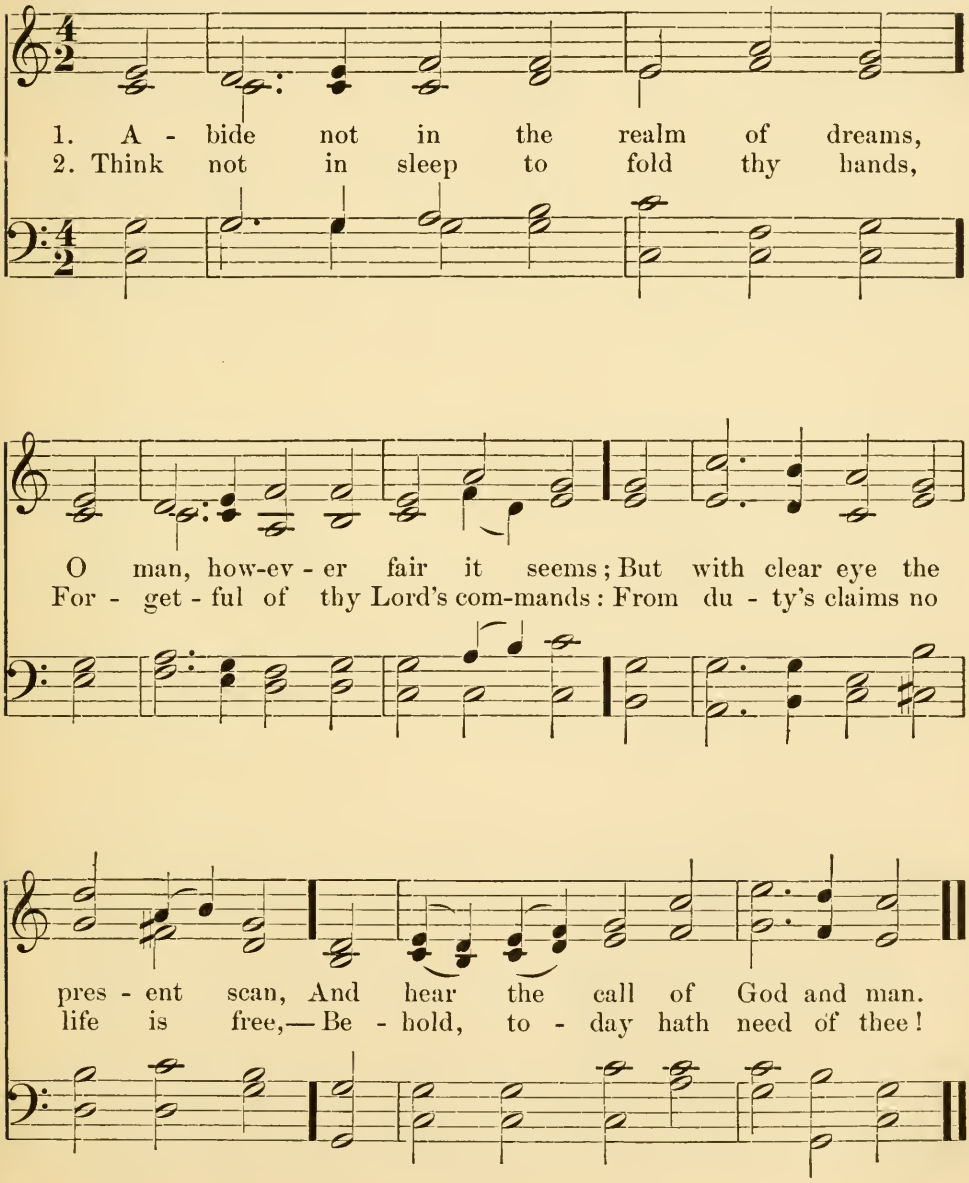
17 Woodworth. L. M.

J. G. Whittier. W. B. Bradbury.



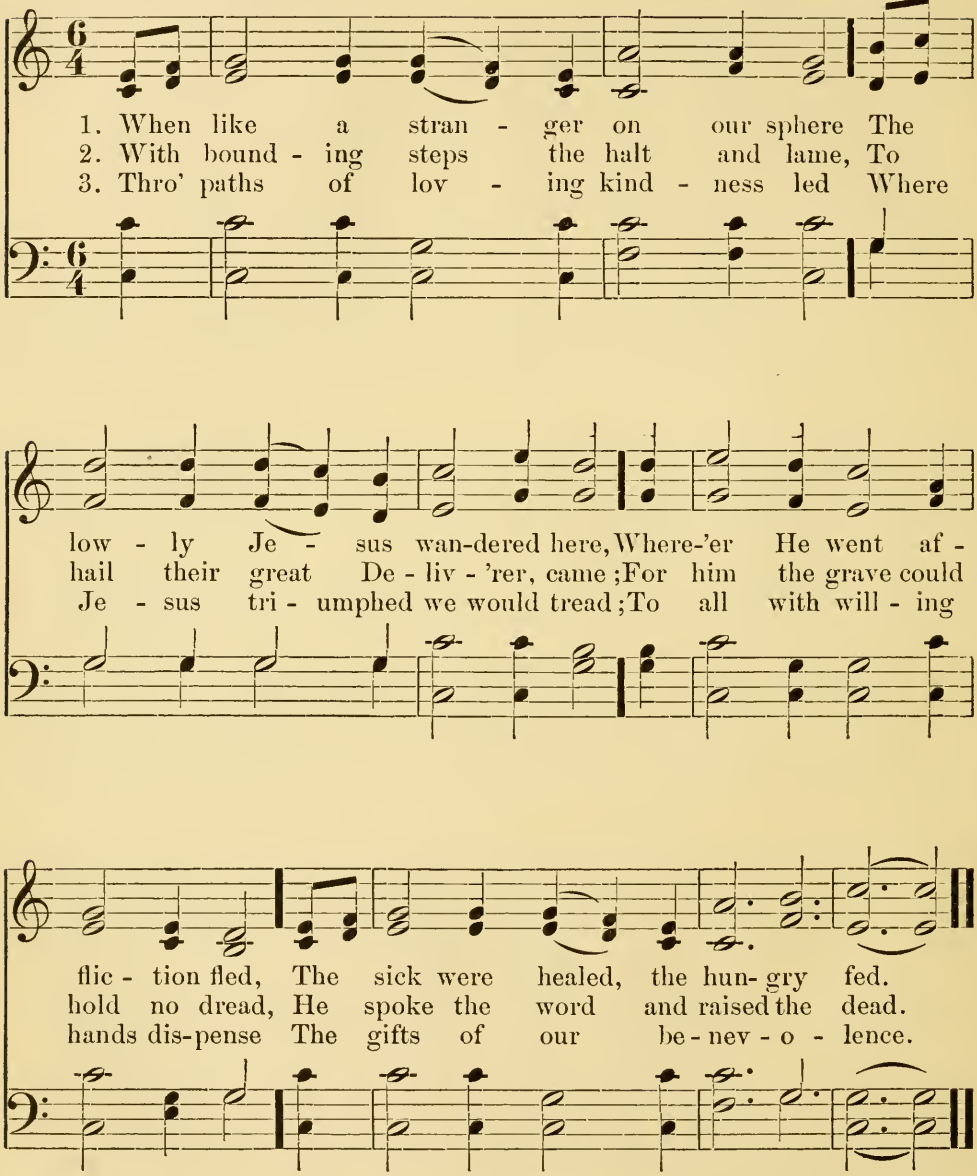
18 Abide Not in the Realm of Dreams. L. M.

William H. Burleigh. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



19 Retreat. L. M.

James Montgomery, alt and abr. Thomas Hastings.

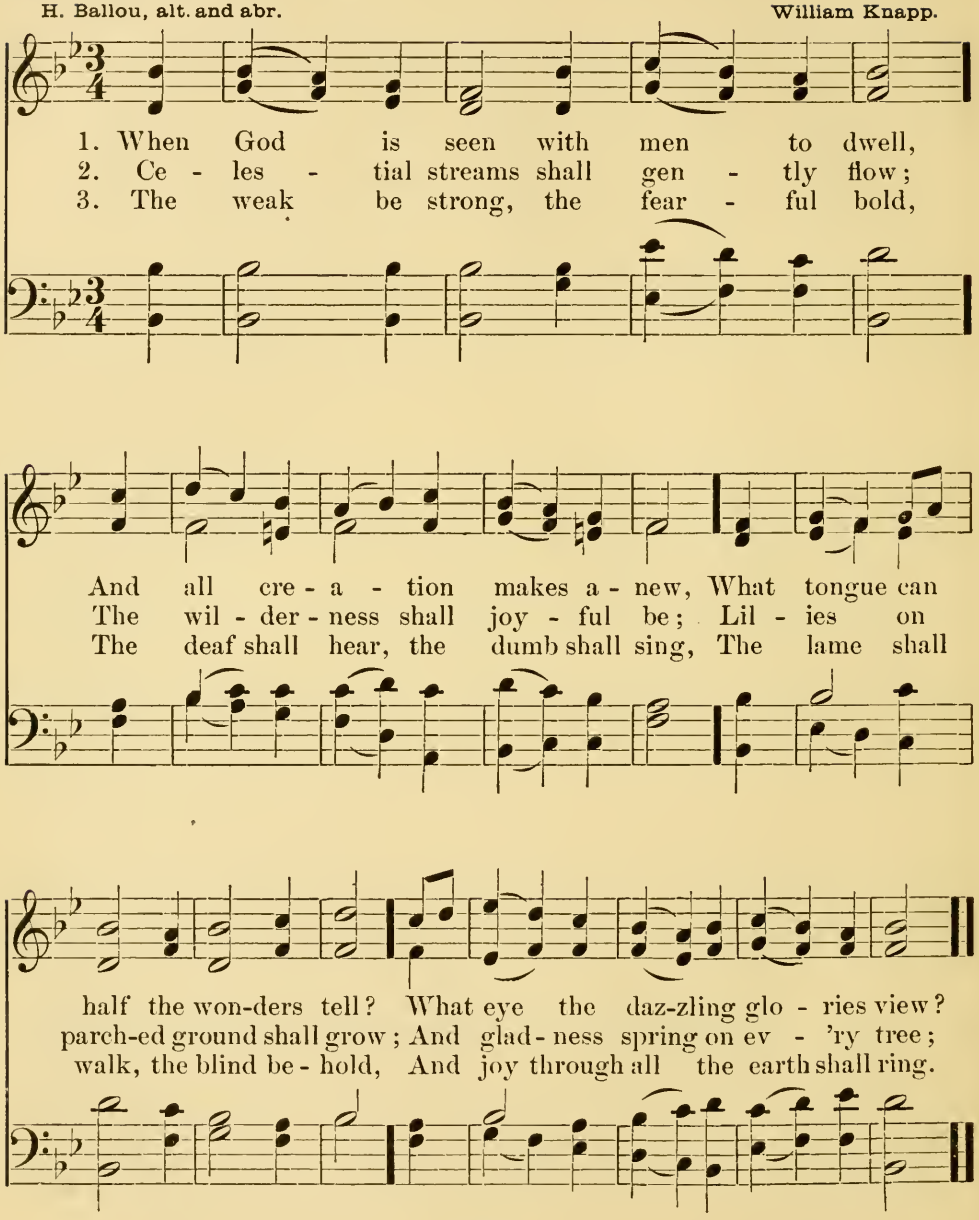


20 Father, My All in All Thou Art. L. M.

Brackett.

21 Wareham. L. M.

H. Ballou, alt. and abr. William Knapp.

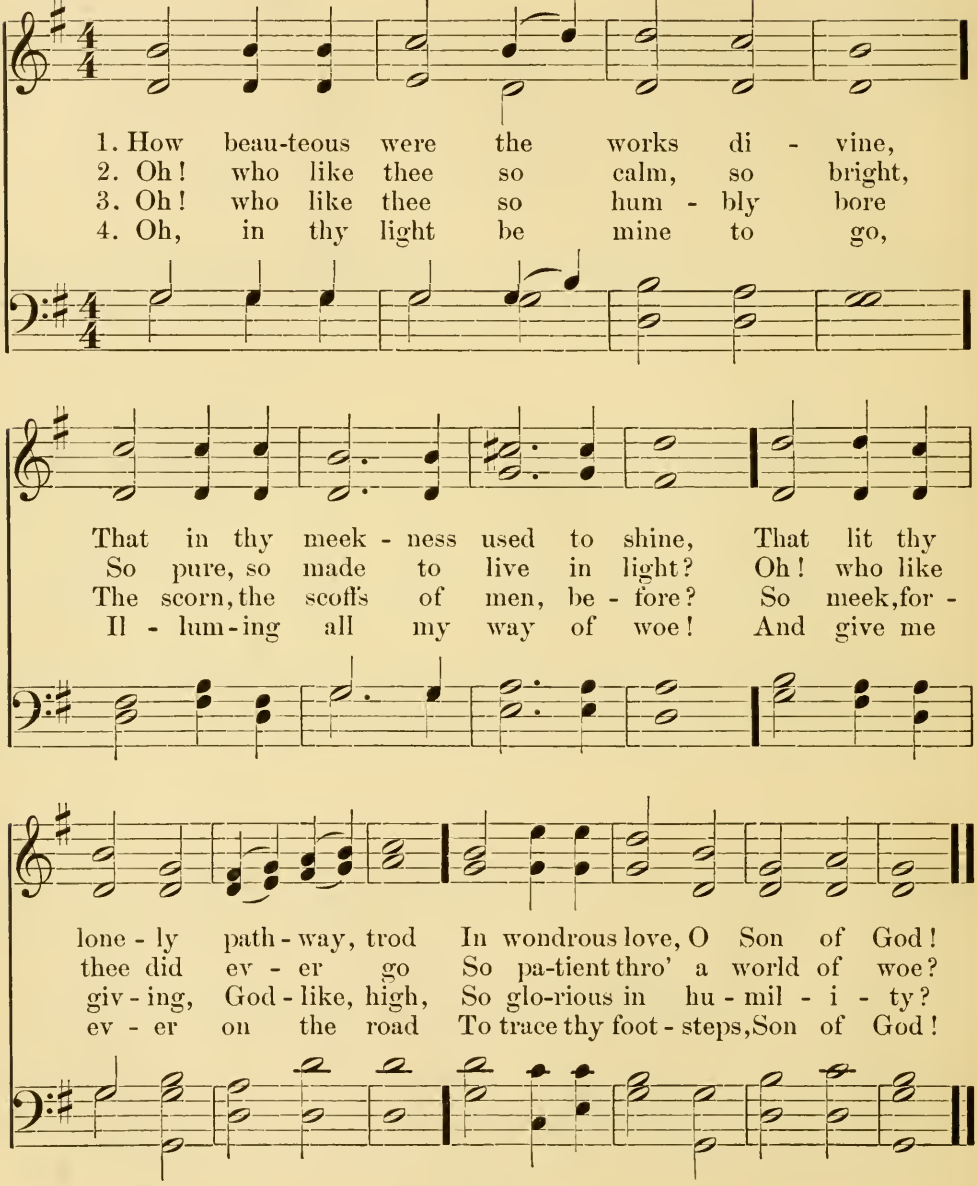


22 The Hopes Thy Holy Word Supplies. L. M.

Grant. Brackett.

23 Federal Street. L. M.

A. C. Coxe, alt. H. K. Oliver.



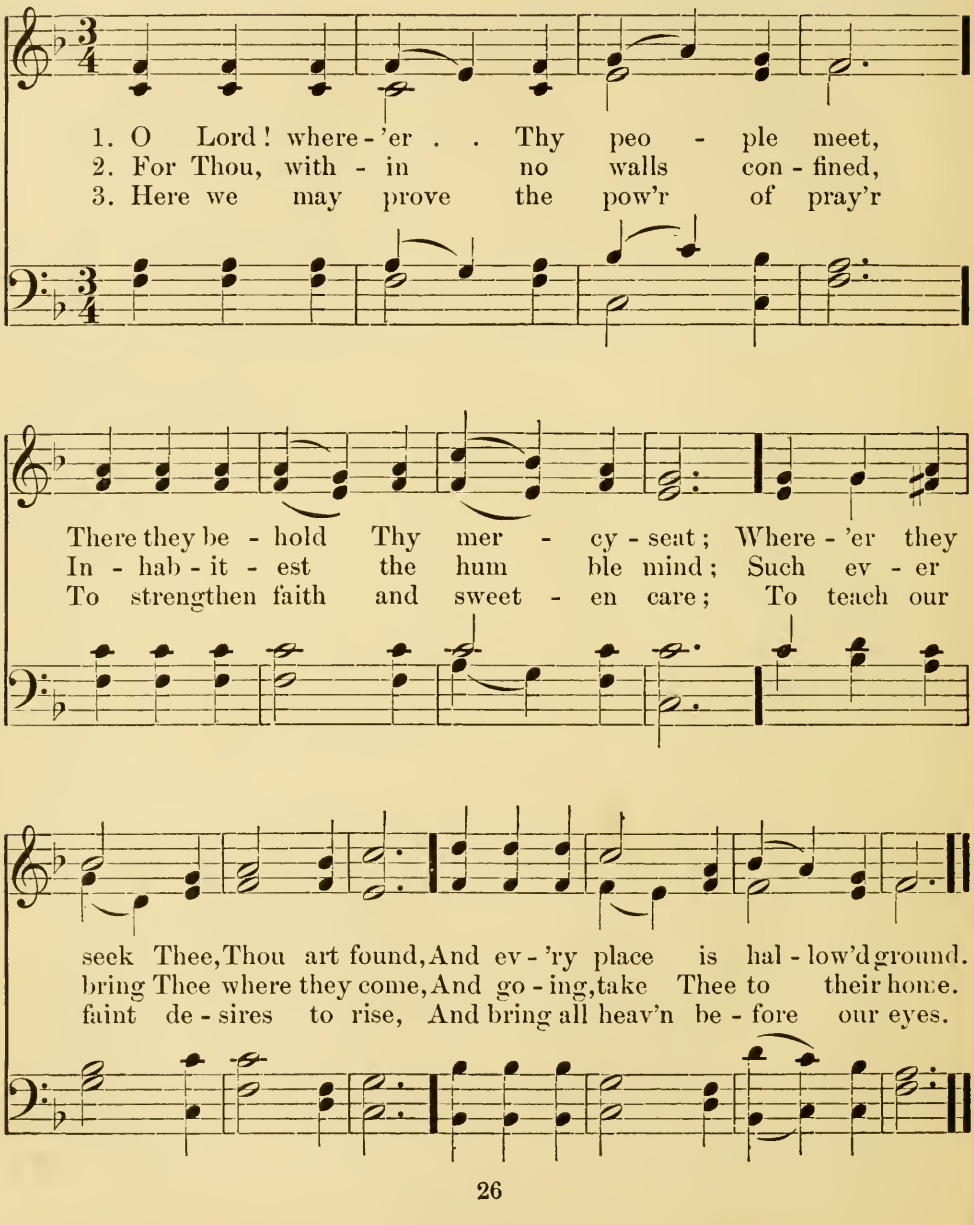
24 Thy Will, Almighty Father, Thine. L. M.

H. S. S. Wesley.

25 Hursley. L. M.

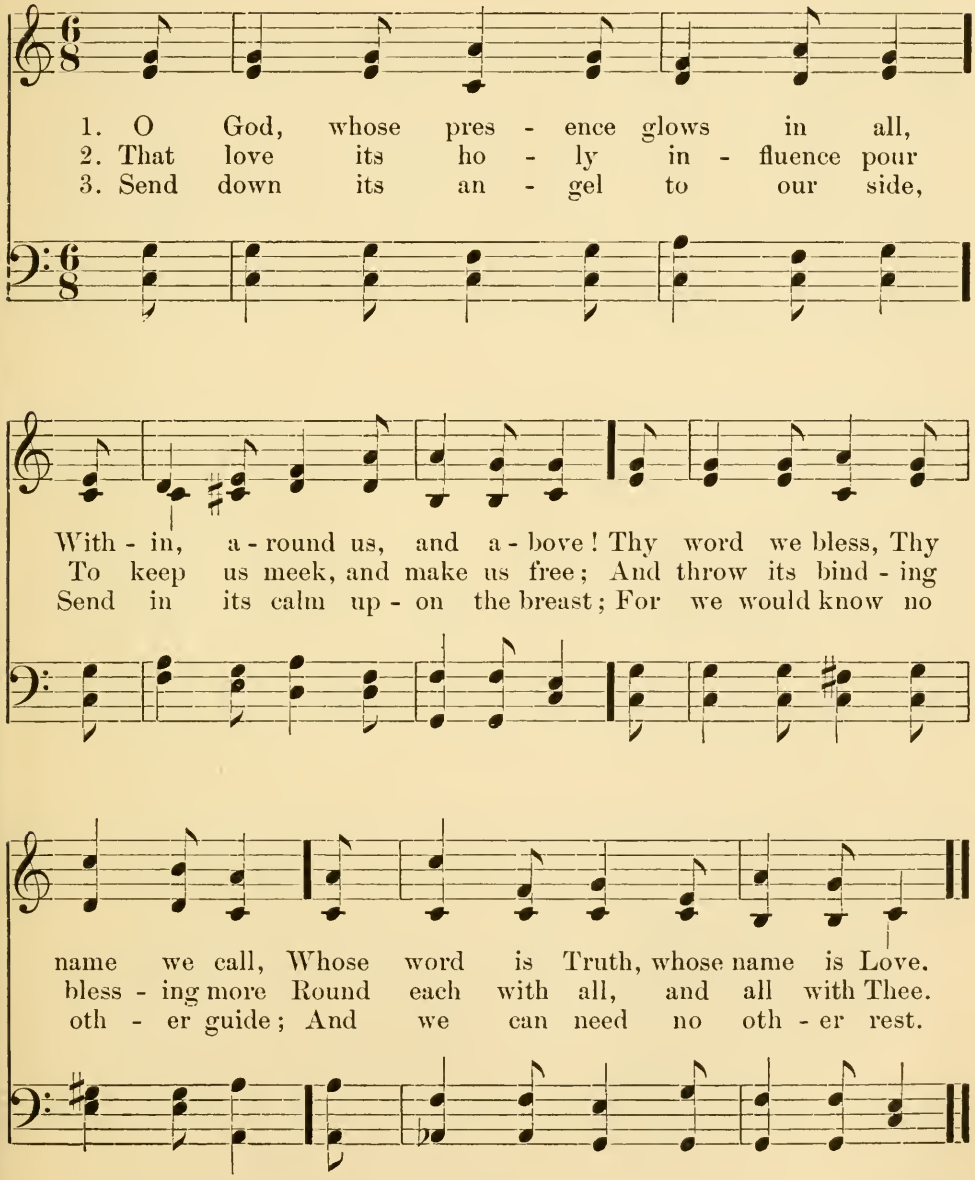
Cowper, alt.

Francis Joseph Hadyn.
Arr. by William Henry Monk.



26 O God, Whose Presence Glows in All. L. M.

Frothingham, abr. Brackett.



27 Duke Street. L. M.

J. Hatton.

28 God is the Life, the Truth, the Way. L. M.

Mrs. Keyes. Brackett.

29 Hamburg. L. M.

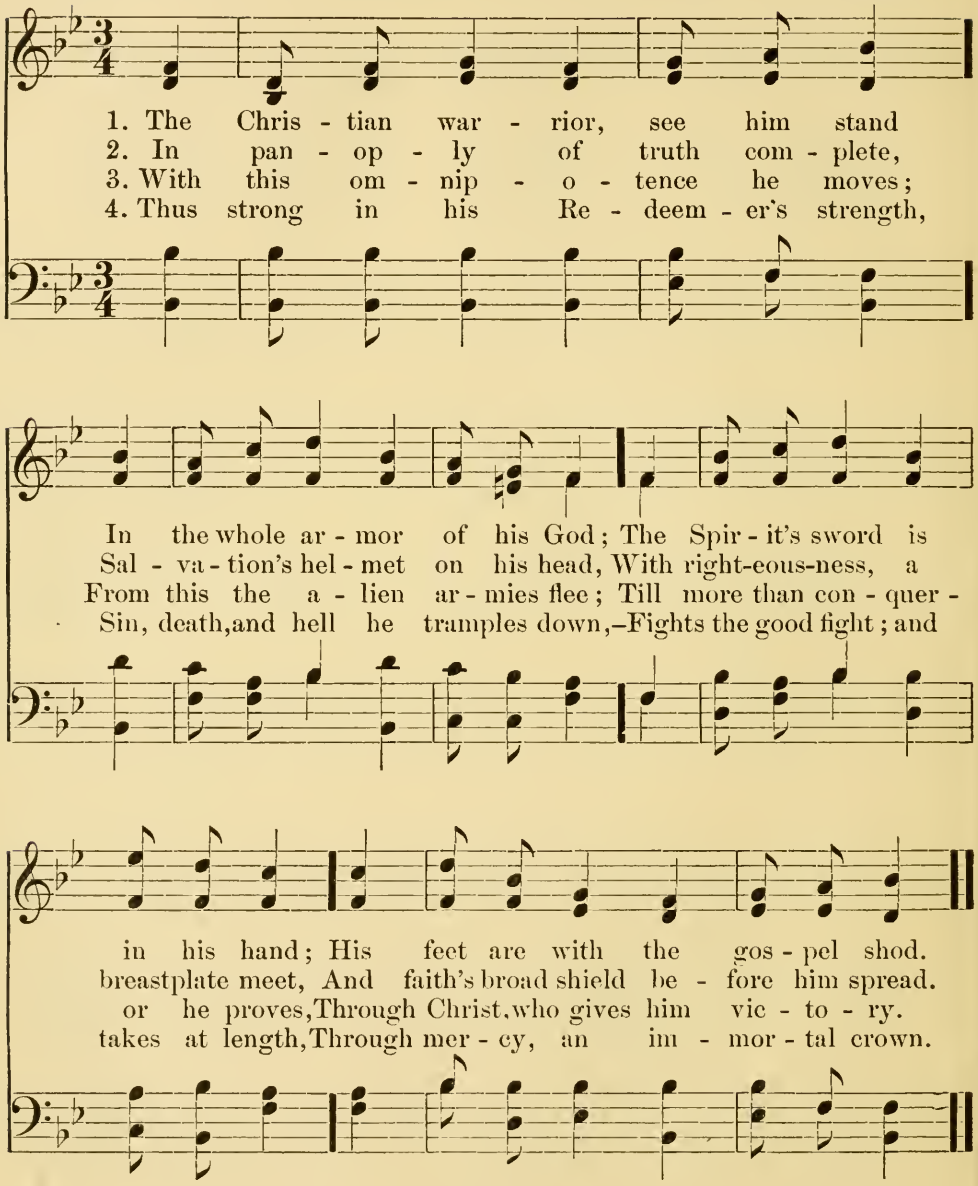
Arr. by Lowell Mason.

30 If My Immortal Saviour Lives. L. M.

Brackett.

31 Hebron. L. M.

Lowell Mason.

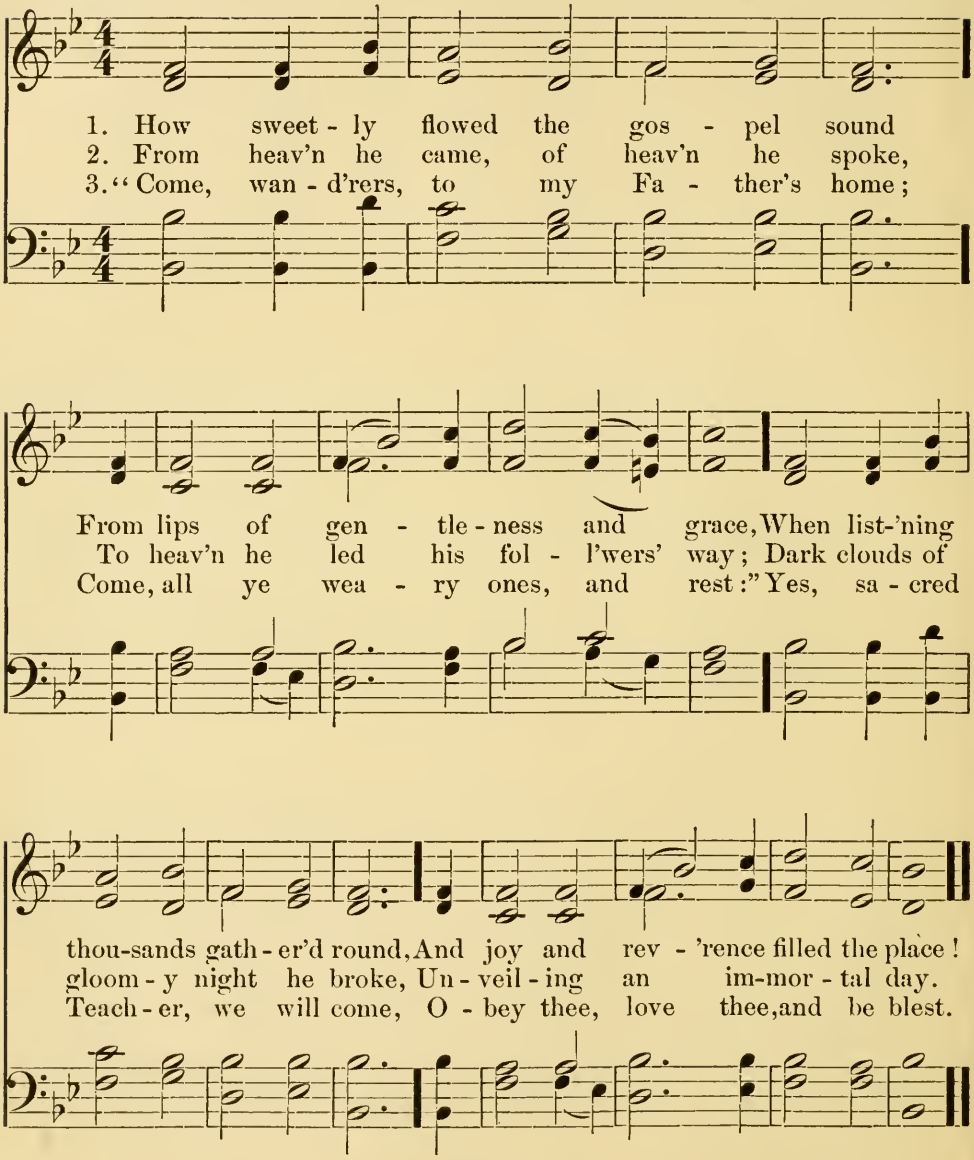


32 I Cannot Always Trace the Way. L. M.

Brackett.

33 Ward. L. M.

John Bowring. Scotch Melody. Arr. by Dr. Mason.

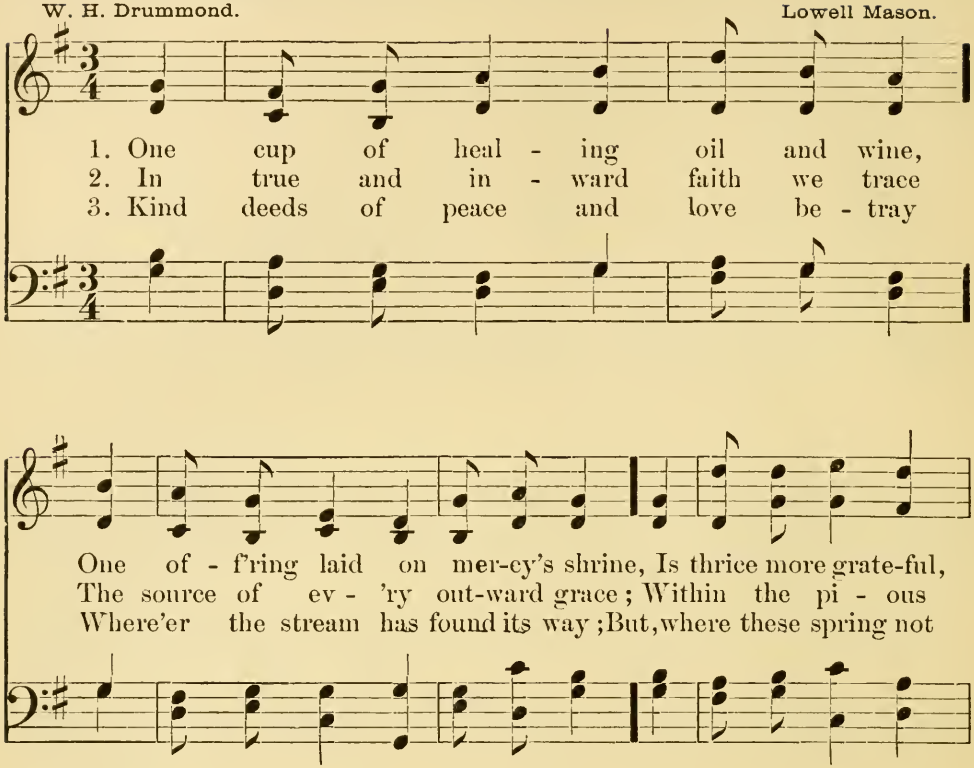


34 O Love Divine, Whose Constant Beam. L. M.

John G. Whittier, abr. Barnby.

35 Rockingham. L. M.

W. H. Drummond. Lowell Mason.



36 The Lifted Eye and Bended Knee. L. M.

Brackett.

The small notes are for accompaniment only.

37 Linwood. L. M.

Anon. Givacchimo Rossini.

38 High in the Heavens, Eternal God.

I. Watts, alt. and abr. G. M. Garrett.

39 Bera. L. M. 6 l.

J. E. Gould.

Thus to my - self of Him I'll say,
He o - ver thee His wings shall spread,
There - fore no ill on thee shall come,
He is my for - tress and my stay,
And cov - er Thy un - guard - ed head;
Nor to thy heav'n - pro - tect - ed home
My God, in whom I will con - fide.
His truth shall be thy strong de - fence.
Shall o - ver - whelm - ing plagues draw nigh.

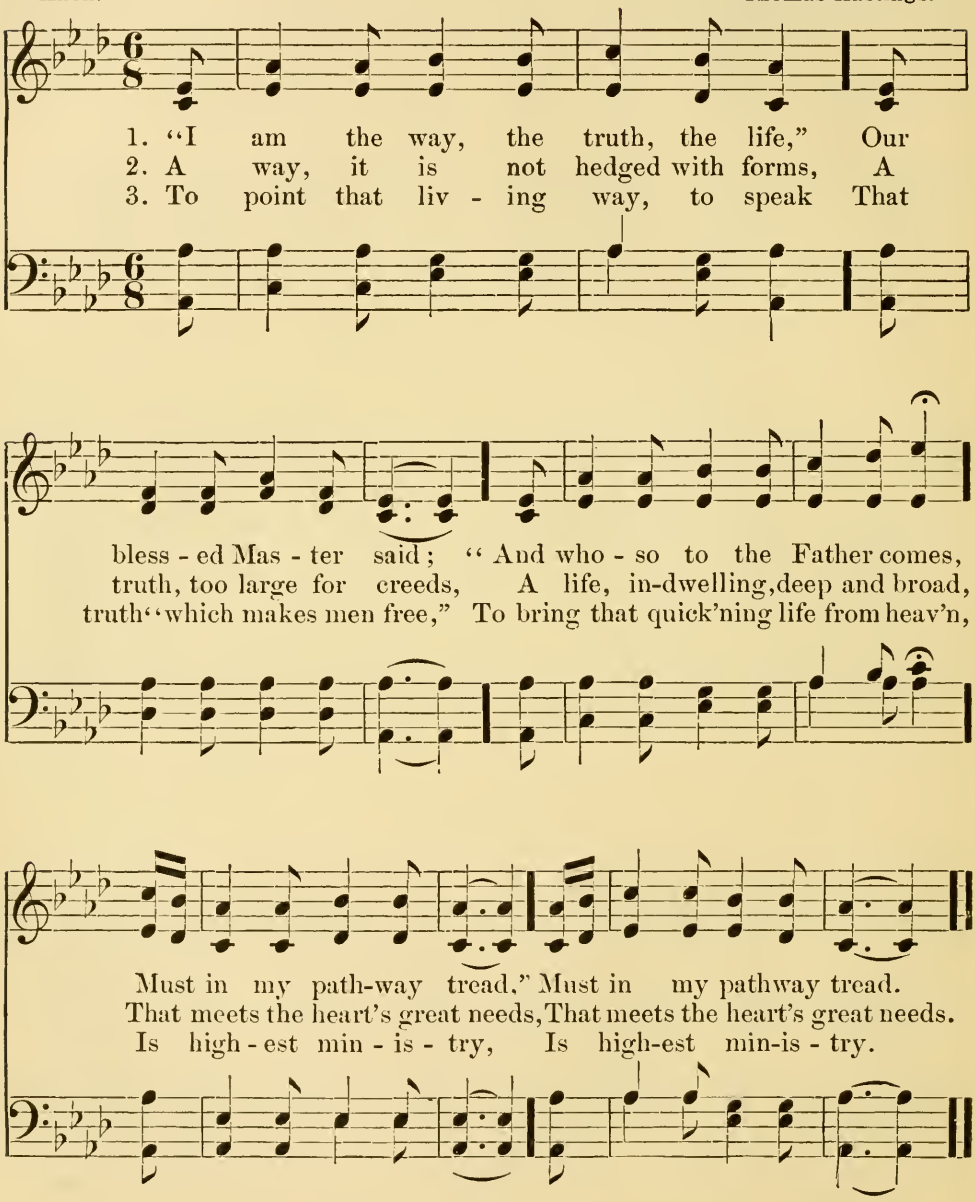
40 Press On, Dear Traveller, Press On. L. M. 61.

Mrs. J. H. Bell. William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.

That leads to that e - ter - nal day,
It is the way that leads to God,
That turns the dark - ness in - to light,
Think of the word, "No cross, no crown;"
That bur - ies wrong and hon - ors right.
Though tasks are sore, be not cast down.

41 Ortonville. C. M.

Anon. Thomas Hastings.



42 The Spirit Breathes upon the Word. C. M.

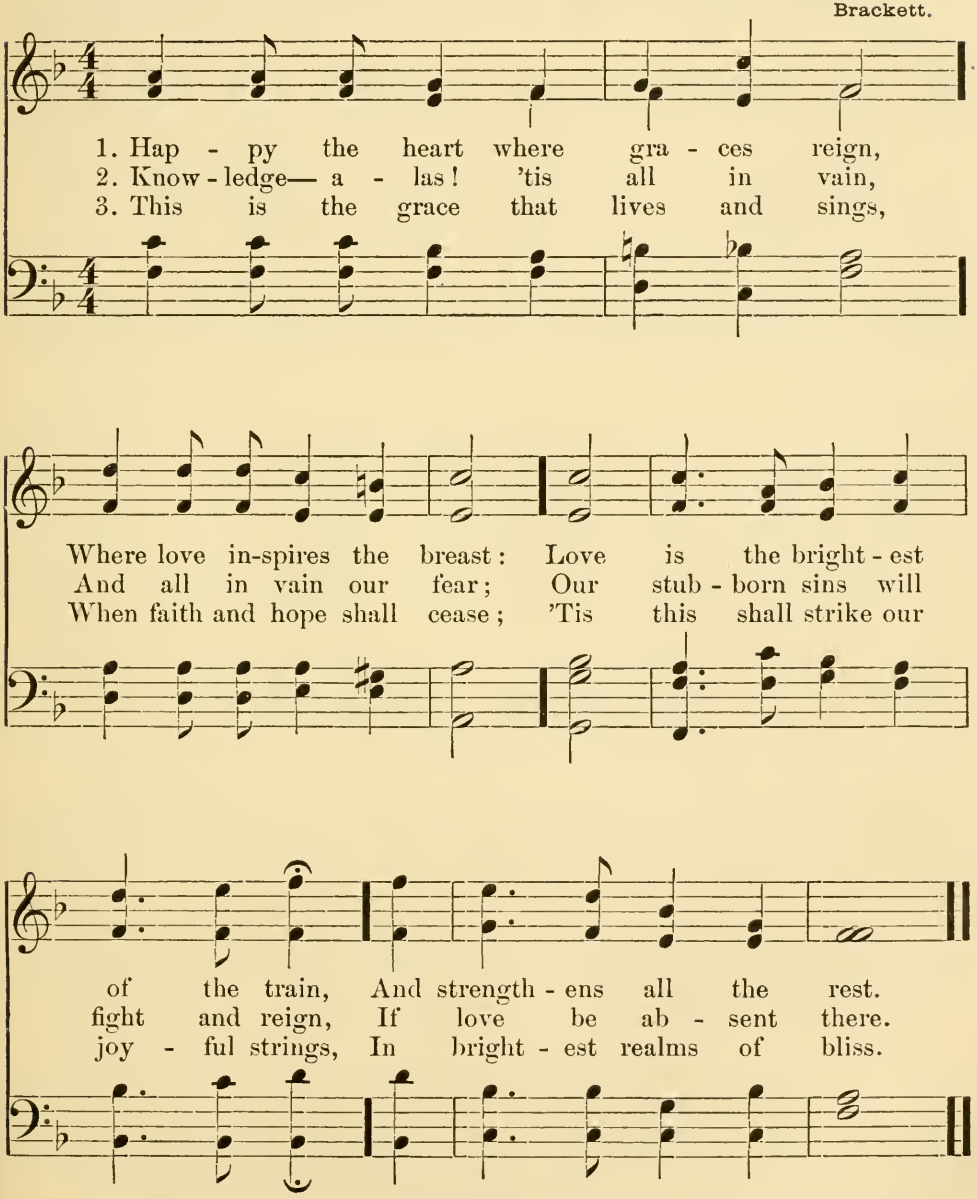
W. Cowper, abr. Brackett.

43 Dedham. C. M.

Wm. Gardiner.

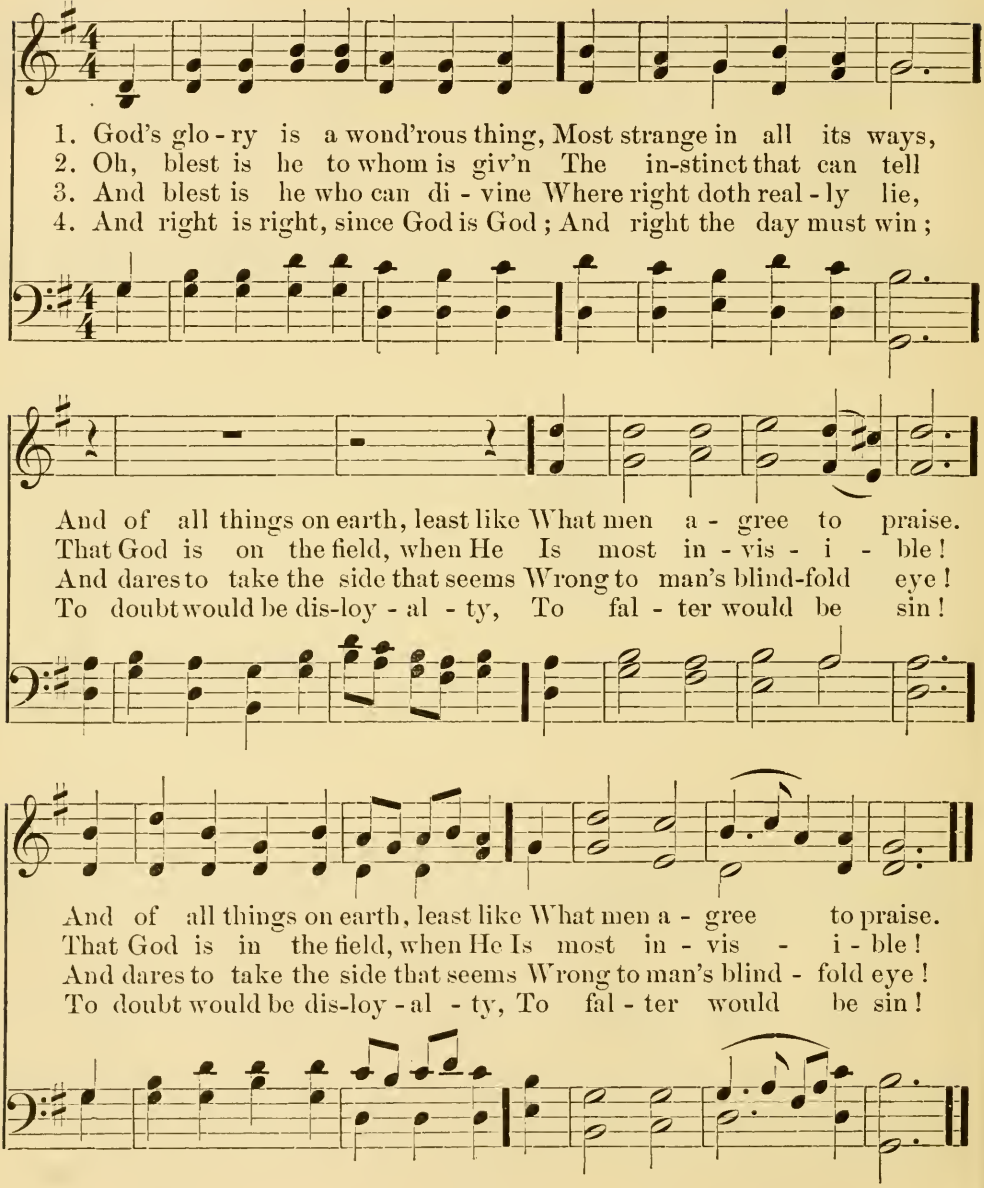
44 Happy the Heart Where Graces Reign. C. M.

Brackett.



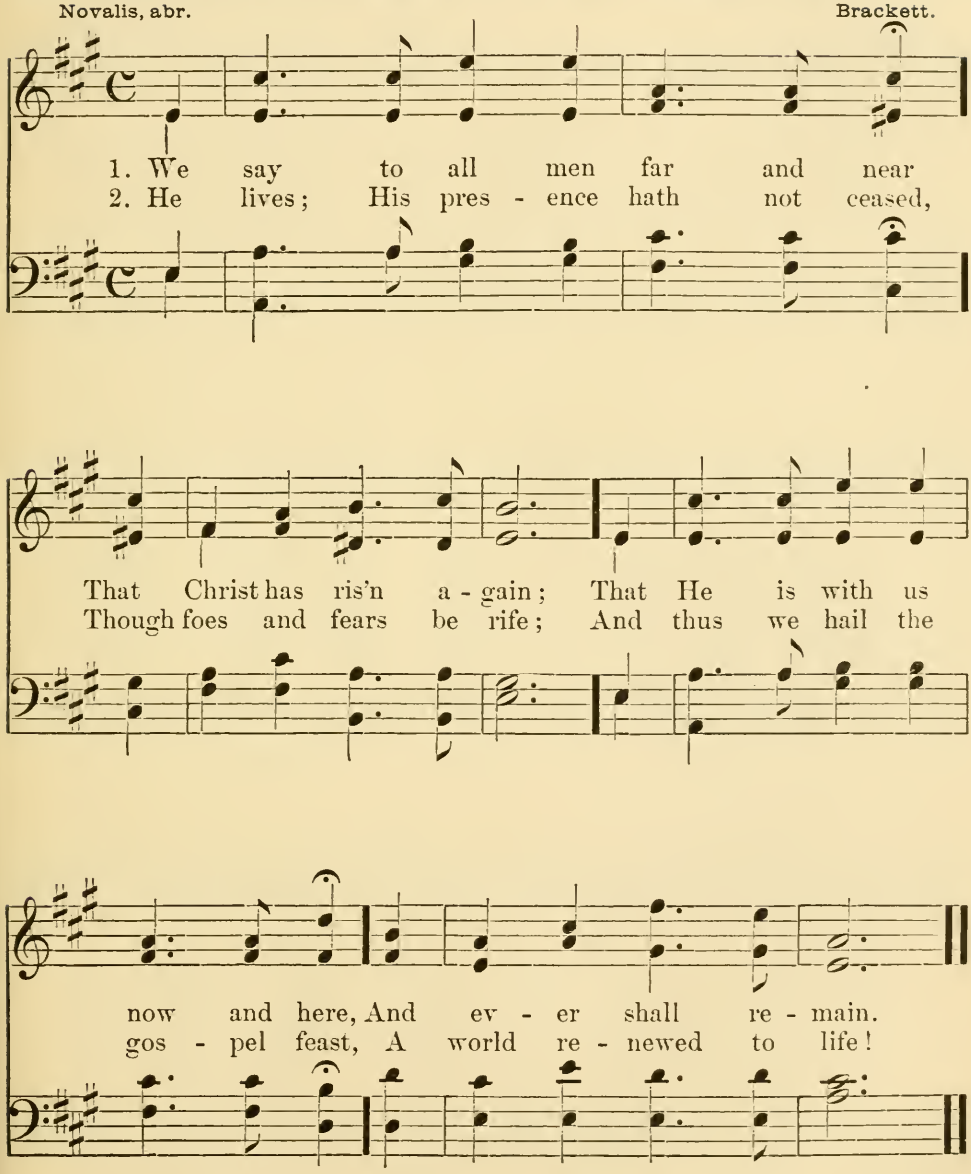
45 Coronation. C. M.

F. W. Faber, alt. Oliver Holden.



46 We Say to All Men Far and Near. C. M.

Novalis, abr. Brackett.



47 Peterborough. C. M.

I. Watts, abr. Ralph Harrison.

48 Oaksville. C. M.

C. Zeuner.

49 Arlington. C. M.

J. G. Whittier, abr. Thomas A. Arne.

50 Whatever Dims Thy Sense of Truth. C. M.

Brackett.

51 Manoah. C. M.

Arr. from G. Rossini.

52 Oh! Ever on Our Earthly Path. C. M.

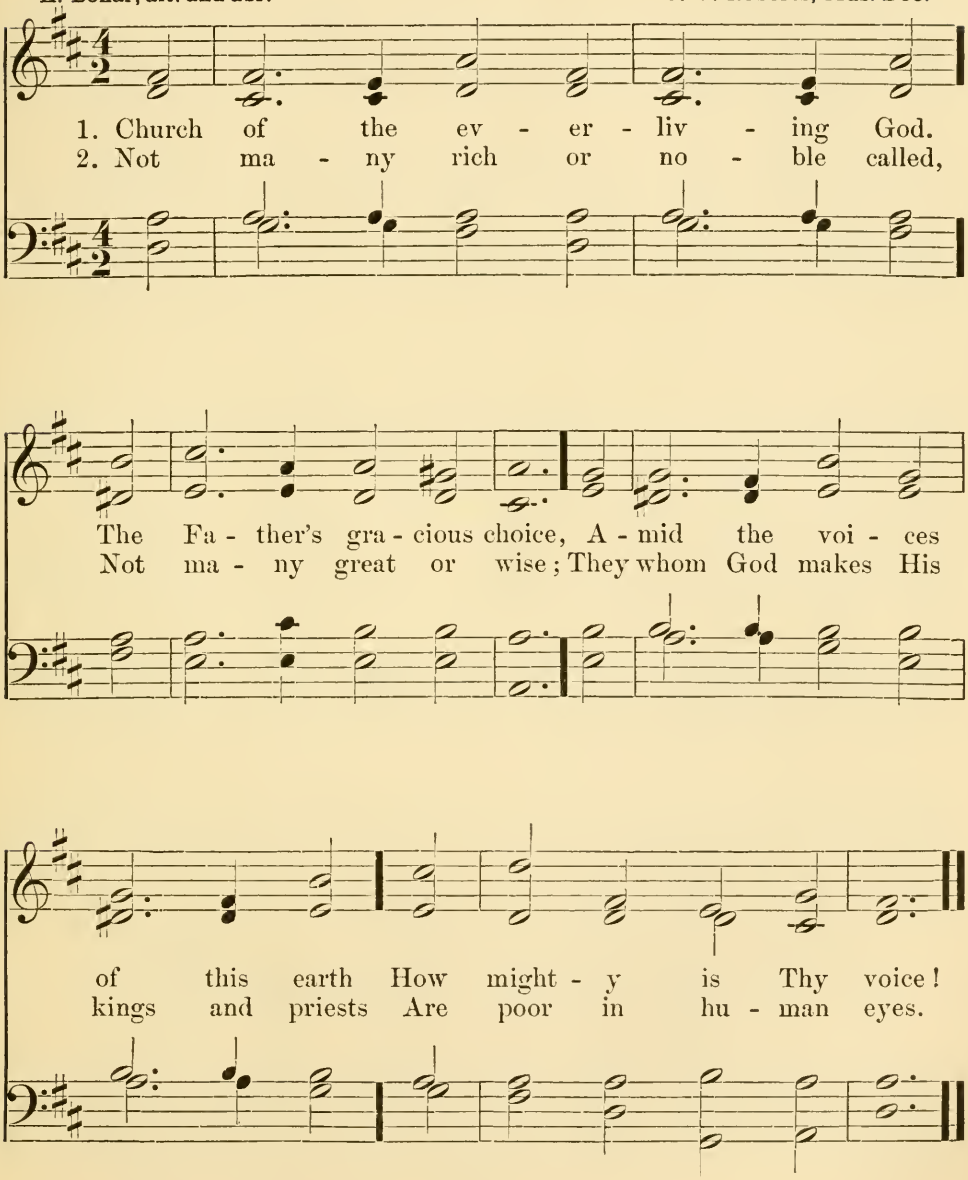
Sangster.

53 Naomi. C. M.

H. G. Naegeli.
Arr. by Lowell Mason.

54 Church of the Ever-Living God. C. M.

H. Bonar, alt. and abr. J. V. Roberts, Mus. Doc.



55 Maitland. C. M.

Milton, alt. and abr. G. N. Allen.

56 Oh, Speed thee, Christian, on Thy Way. C. M.

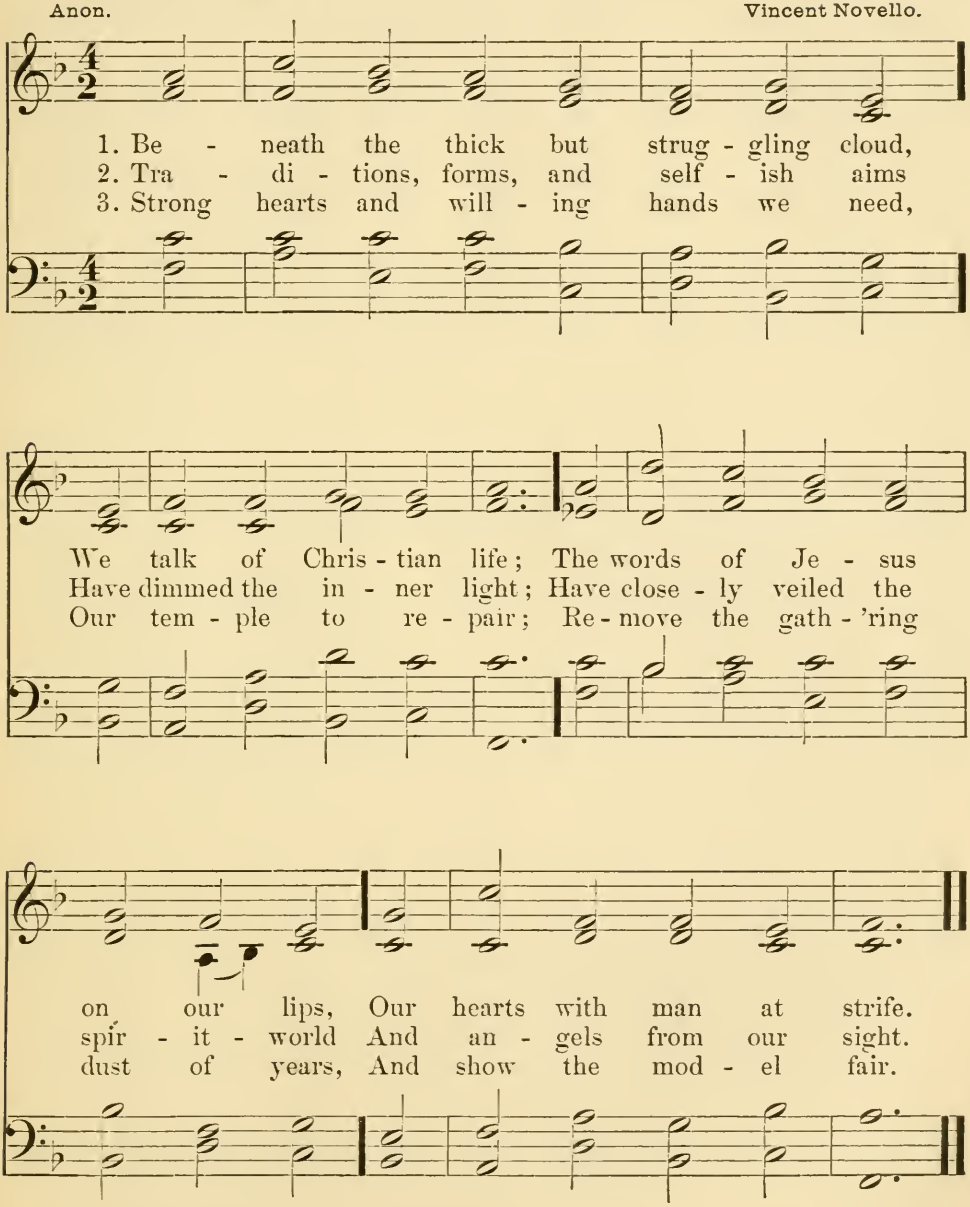
Anon. Brackett.

57 Balerma. C. M.

J. Swain. Hugh Wilson.

58 Beneath the Thick but Struggling Cloud. C. M.

Anon. Vincent Novello.



59 Evan. C. M.

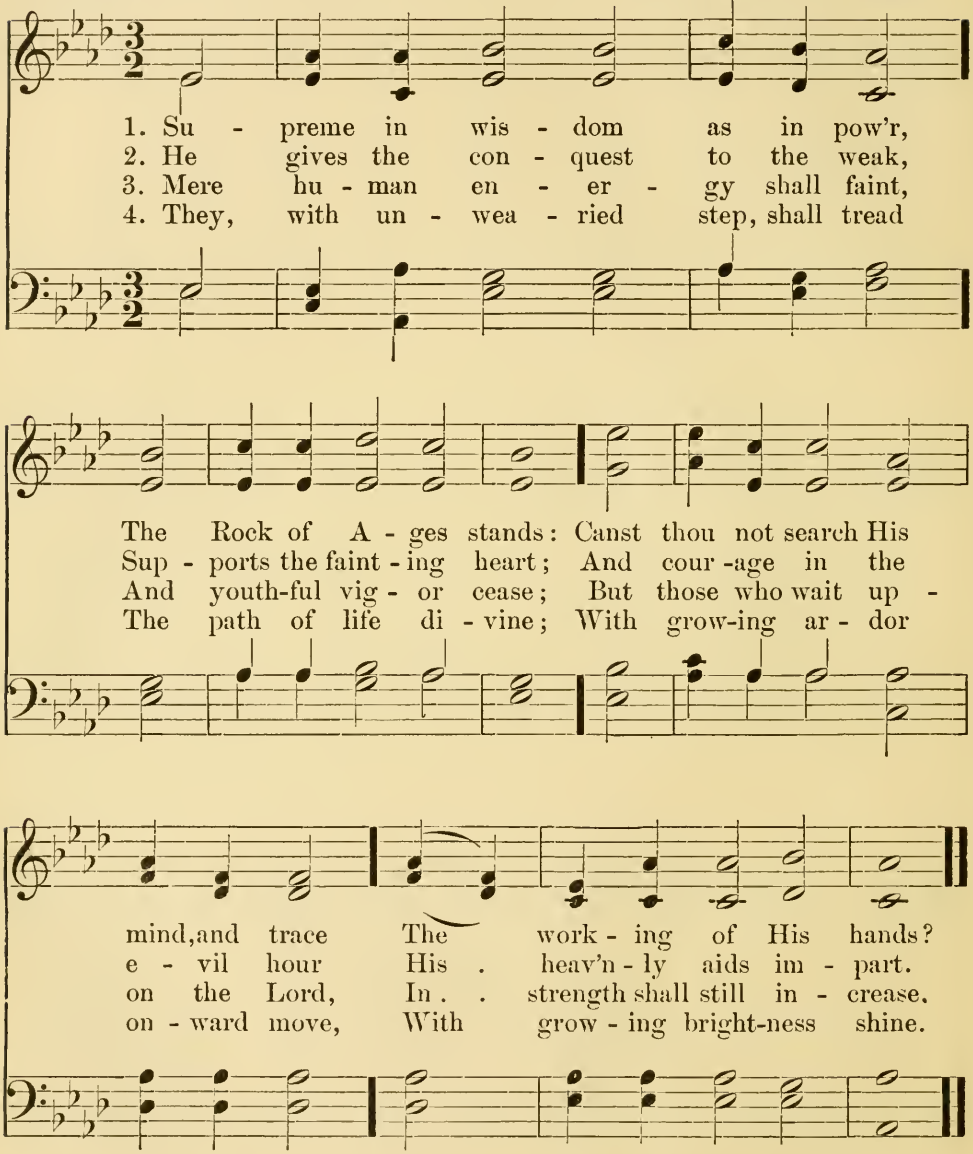
Hymns and Tunes, abr. Wm. H. Havergal.

60 Speak Gently, it is Better Far. C. M.

Brackett.

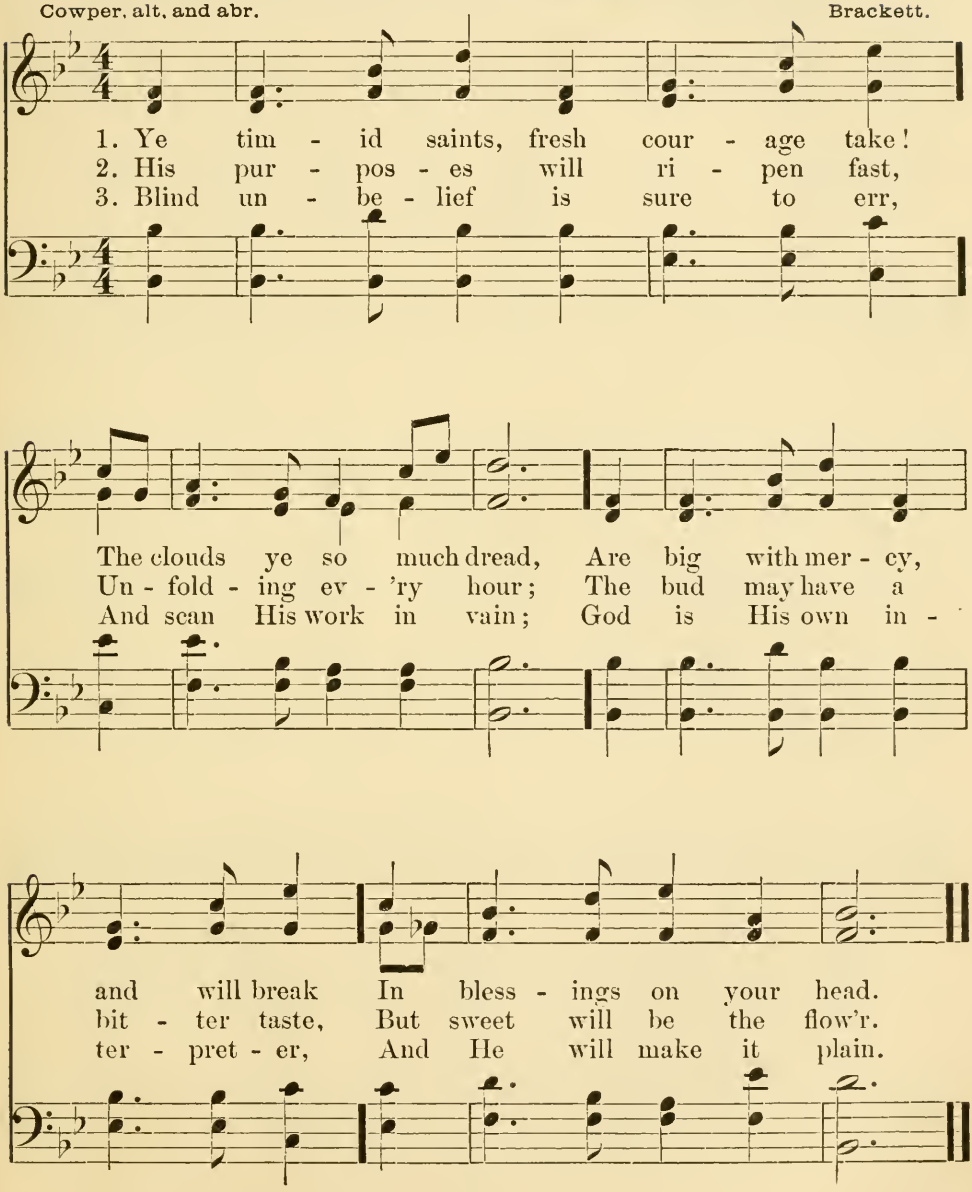
61 Azmon. C. M.

William Cameron, alt. and abr. Glazer. Arr. by Dr. Mason.



62 Ye Timid Saints, Fresh Courage Take. C. M.

Cowper, alt. and abr. Brackett.



63 Peterborough. C. M.

Bernard Barton, alt. and abr. Ralf Harrison.

64 Joy to the World, the Lord is Come. C. M.

I. Watts, abr. Henry Lahee.

65 St. Agnes. C. M.

Samuel Johnson, abr. J. B. Dykes.

66 Planted in Christ, the Living Vine. C. M.

S. F. Smith, abr. Brackett.

67 Belmont. C. M.

W. H. Bathurst, abr. Johann C. W. A. Mozart.

68 I Worship Thee, Sweet Will of God. C. M.

Rev. F. W. Faber, abr. Brackett.

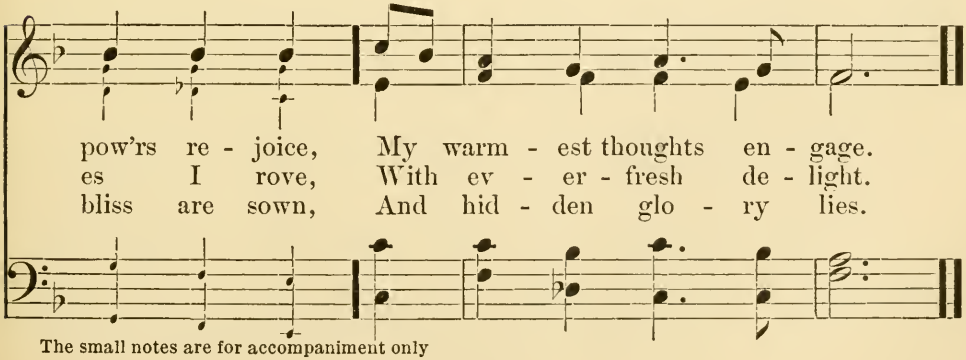
69 Christmas. C. M.

John Morrison, abr. G. F. Handel.

70 Lord! I Have Made Thy Words My Choice. C. M.

I. Watts, alt. and abr. Brackett.

All Voices in Unison (or Solo).



The small notes are for accompaniment only

71 Simpson. C. M.

John G. Whittier, abr. From Louis Sphor·

72 We Walk by Faith of Joys to Come. C. M.

I. Watts, abr. Brackett.

The small notes are to be sung, but much softer than the large ones.

73 Avon. C. M.

Hugh Wilson.

74 Come, Ye that Know and Fear the Lord. C. M.

G. Burder, abr. Brackett.

75 Heber. C. M.

Geo. W. Doane, alt. Geo. Kingsley.

76 Walk with Your God, Along the Road. C. M.

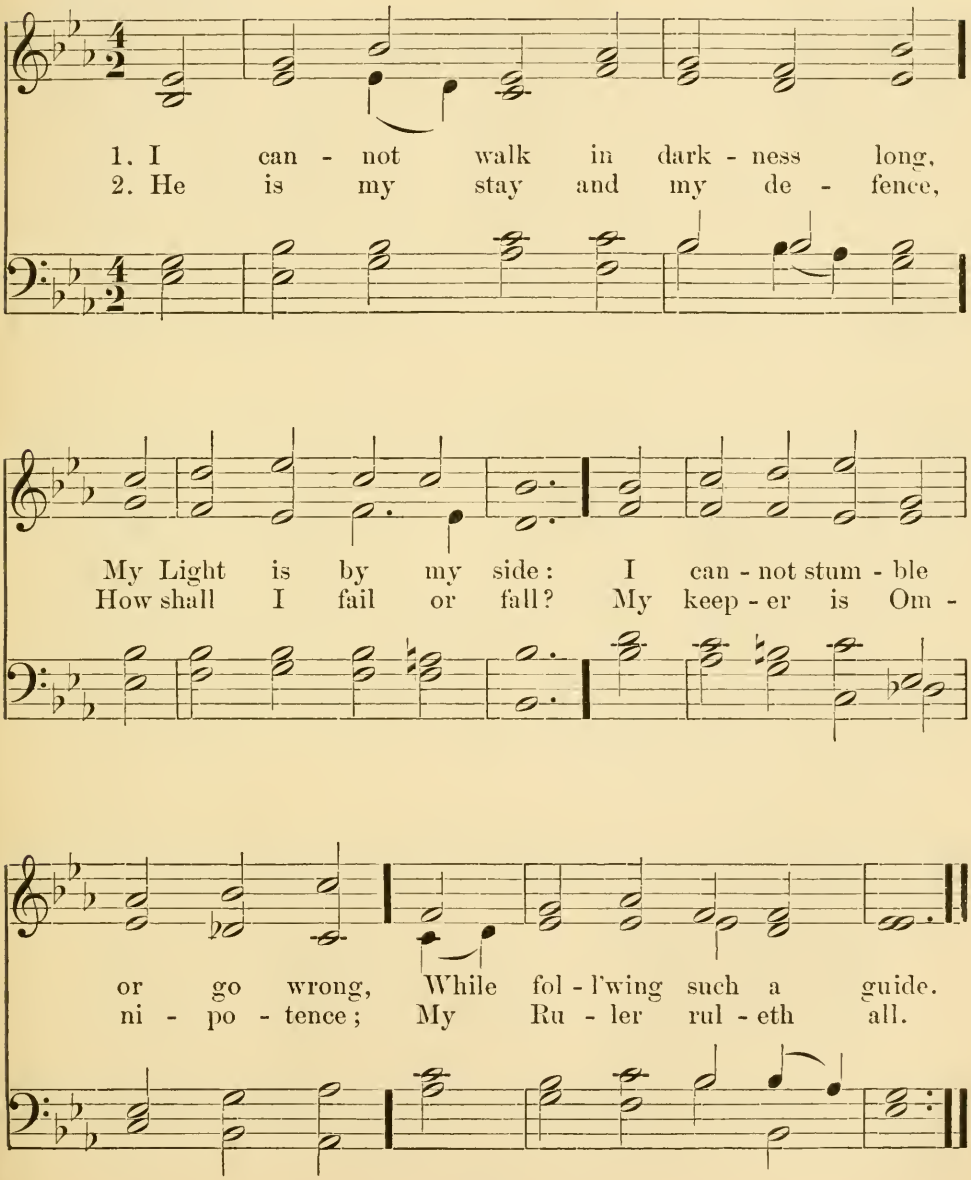
T. H. Gill. Henry Smart.

77 Colchester. C. M.

John G. Whittier. H. Purcell.

78 I Cannot Walk in Darkness Long. C. M.

Caroline A. Mason, abr. Rev. F. A. J. Hervey.

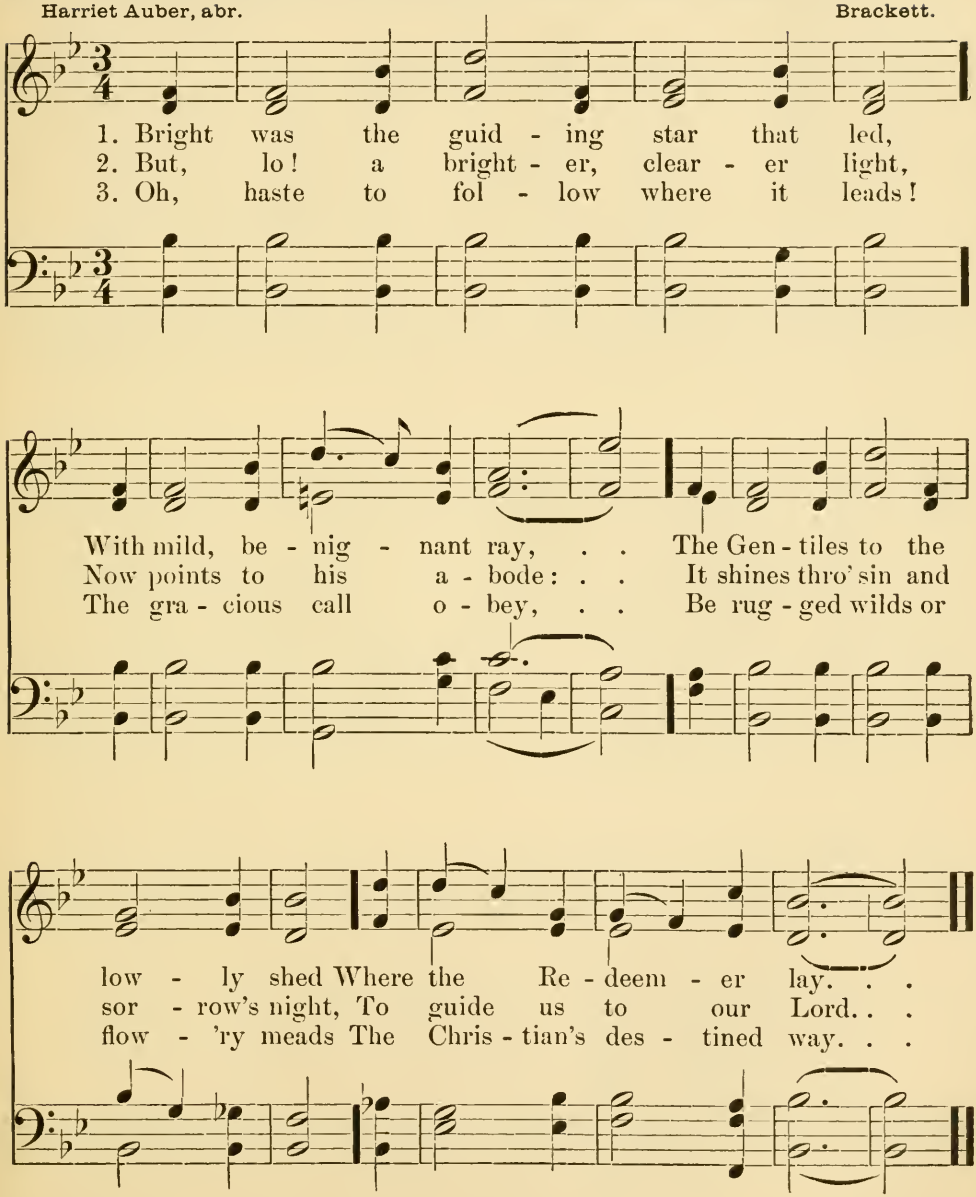


79 Coventry. C. M.

English Melody.

80 Bright as the Guiding Star that Led. C. M.

Harriet Auber, abr. Brackett.



81 Southport. C. M.

George Kingsley.

82 The Loving Friend to All Who Bowed. C. M.

Samuel Longfellow. Isaac Smith.

83 Dundee. C. M.

John G. Whittier. Guillaume Franc.

84 Beneath the Shadow of the Cross. C. M.

Samuel Longfellow. Brackett.

85 St. Martin's. C. M.

Samuel Longfellow, abr. Wm. Tansur.

86 Make Channels for the Streams of Love. C. M.

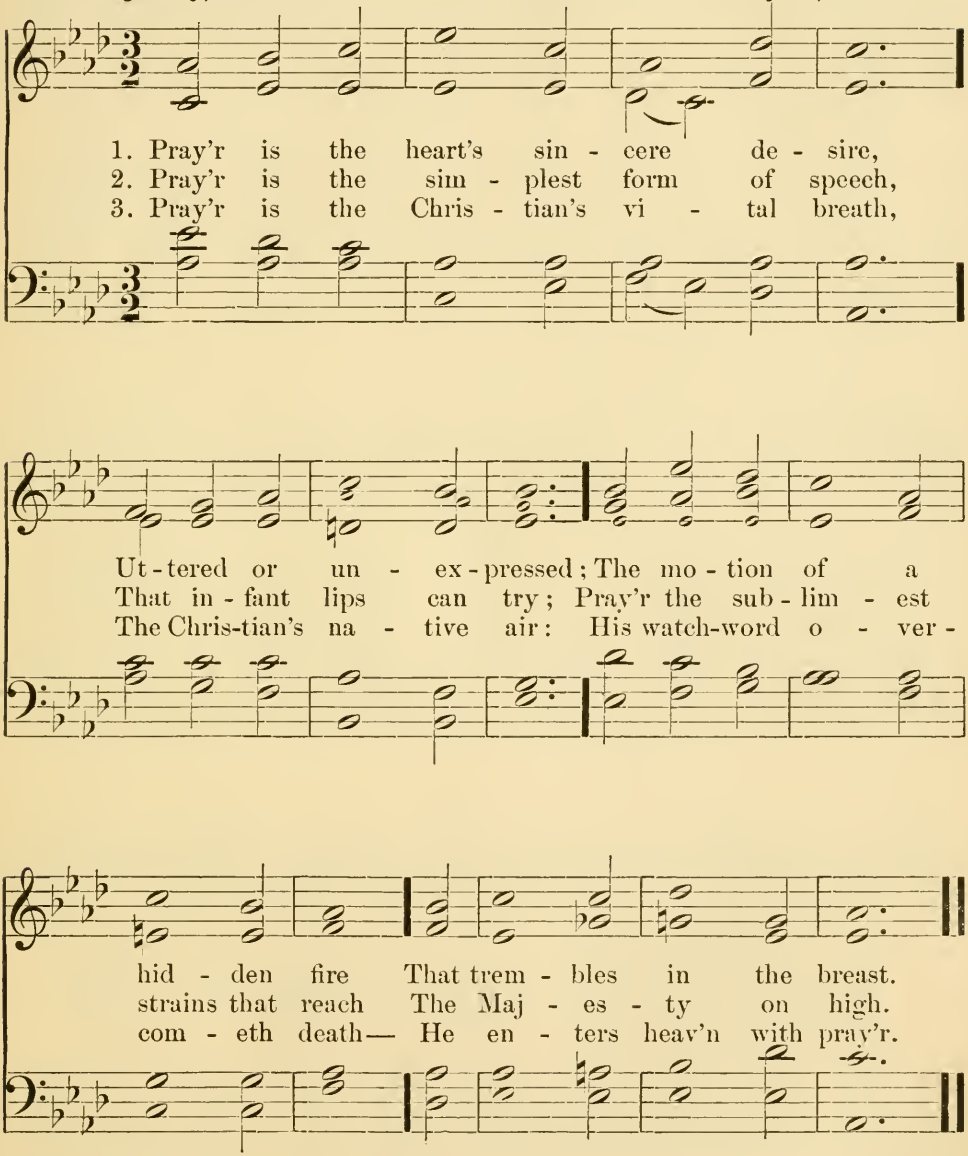
Richard C. Trench. Brackett.

87 Eckhardtsheim. C. M.

C. Zeuner.

88 Prayer Is the Heart's Sincere Desire. C. M.

J. Montgomery, alt. and abr. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



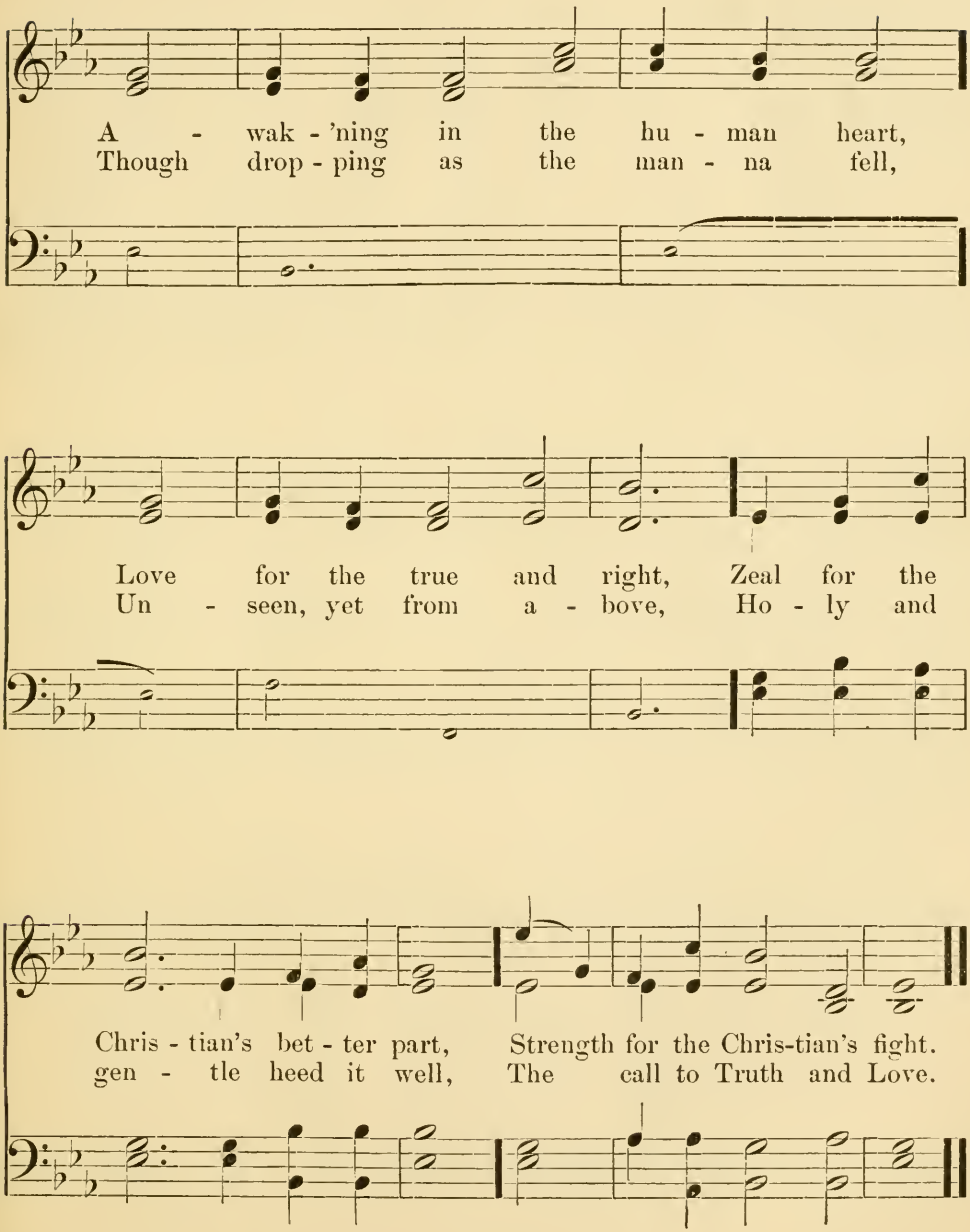
89 St. Asaph. C. M. D.

J. M. Giornovichi.

Peace on the earth, good - will to men,
Look now, for glad and gold - en hours
When the new heav'n and earth shall own
From heav'n's all - gra - cious King; The world in sol - emn
Come swift - ly on the wing; O rest be - side the
The Prince of Peace their King, And the whole world send
still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

90 Oh! not Alone with Outward Sign. C. M. D.

Whittier. Brackett.


A - wak - 'ning in the hu - man heart,
Though drop - ping as the man - na fell,
Love for the true and right, Zeal for the
Un - seen, yet from a - bove, Ho - ly and
Chris - tian's bet - ter part, Strength for the Chris-tian's fight.
gen - tle heed it well, The call to Truth and Love.

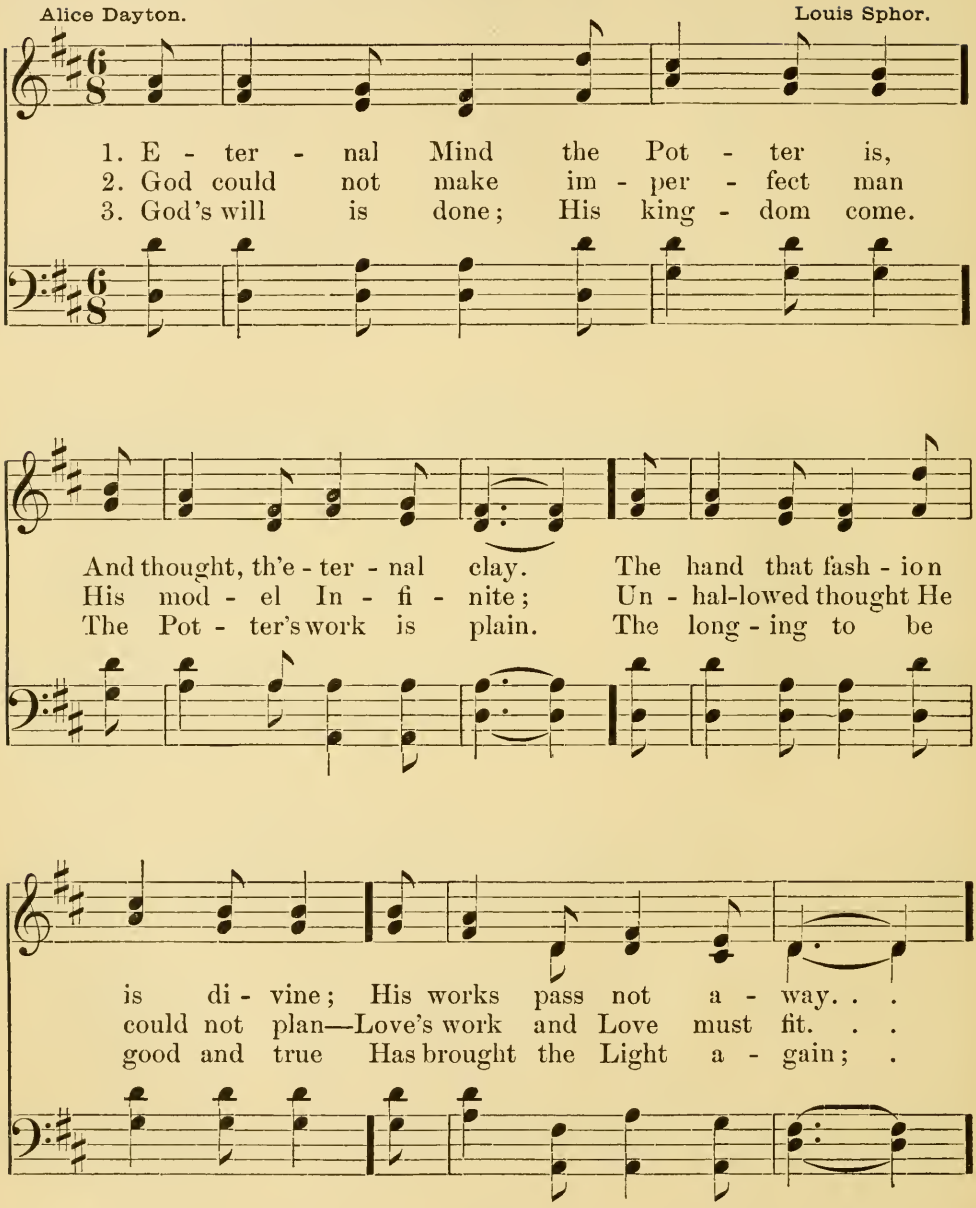
91 Brattle Street. C. M. D.

John Ryland. I. Pleyel.

When all ma - te - rial streams are dried,
O that I had a stron - ger faith,
O God, I cast my care on Thee;
Thy full - ness is the same; May I with this be
To look with - in the veil, To cred - it what my
I tri - umph and a - dore; Henceforth my great con -
sat - is - fied, And glo - ry in Thy name.
Sav - iour saith, Whose word can nev- er fail.
cern shall be, To love and praise Thee more.

92 Eternal Mind the Potter Is. C. M. D.

Alice Dayton. Louis Sphor.



Man is the no - blest work of God.
Life, Truth, and Love the pat - tern make,
And Man does stand as God's own child,
His beau - ty, pow'r, and grace, Im - mor - tal; per - fect
Christ is the per - fect heir; The clouds of sense roll
The im - age of His Love. Let glad - ness ring from
as His Mind Re - flect - ed, face to face.
back, and show The form di - vine - ly fair.
ev - 'ry tongue, And heav'n and earth ap - prove.

93 Dennis. S. M.

P. Doddridge, abr. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

94 Our Heaven is Everywhere. S. M.

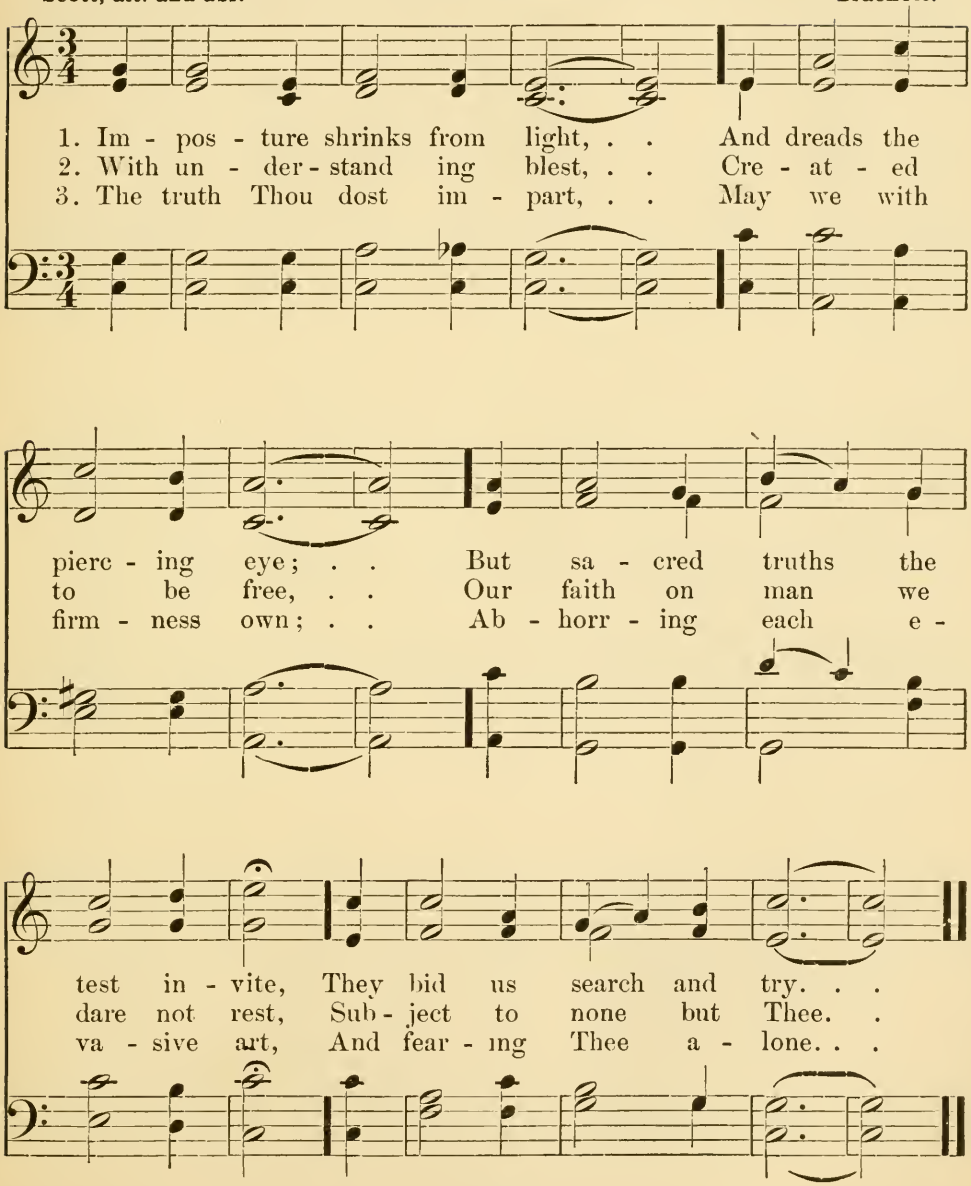
Miss Fletcher, alt. and abr. Brackett.

95 Thatcher. S. M.

Anon. George Frederick Handel.

96 Imposture Shrinks from Light. S. M.

Scott, alt. and abr. Brackett.



97 State Street. S. M.

Alt. and abr. Jonathan C. Woodman.

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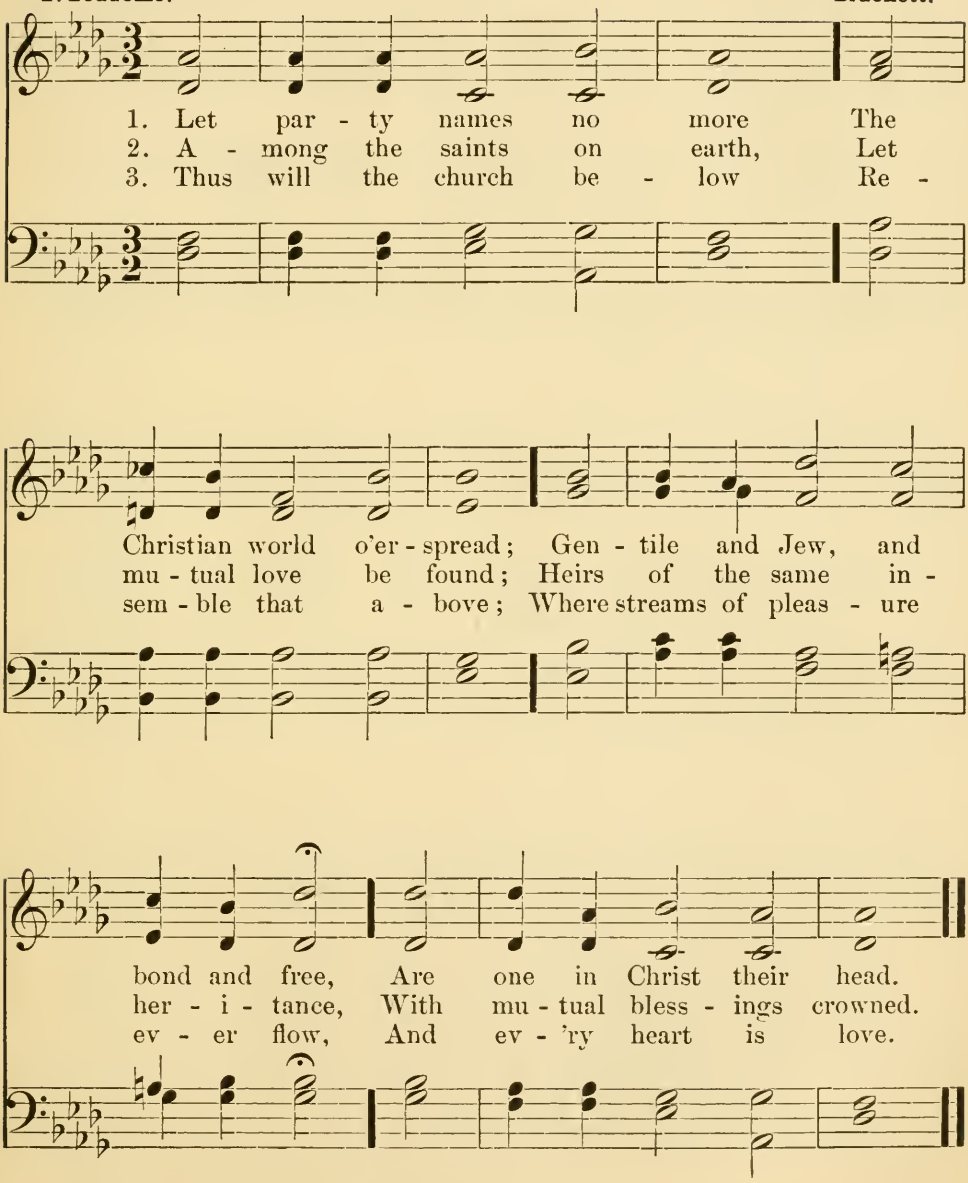
98 Let Party Names No More. S. M.

B. Beddome. Brackett.



99 Laban. S. M.

M. J. H. Zink, abr. Lowell Mason.

100 Teach Me, My God and King. S. M.

Rev. Geo. Herbert, abr. Brackett.

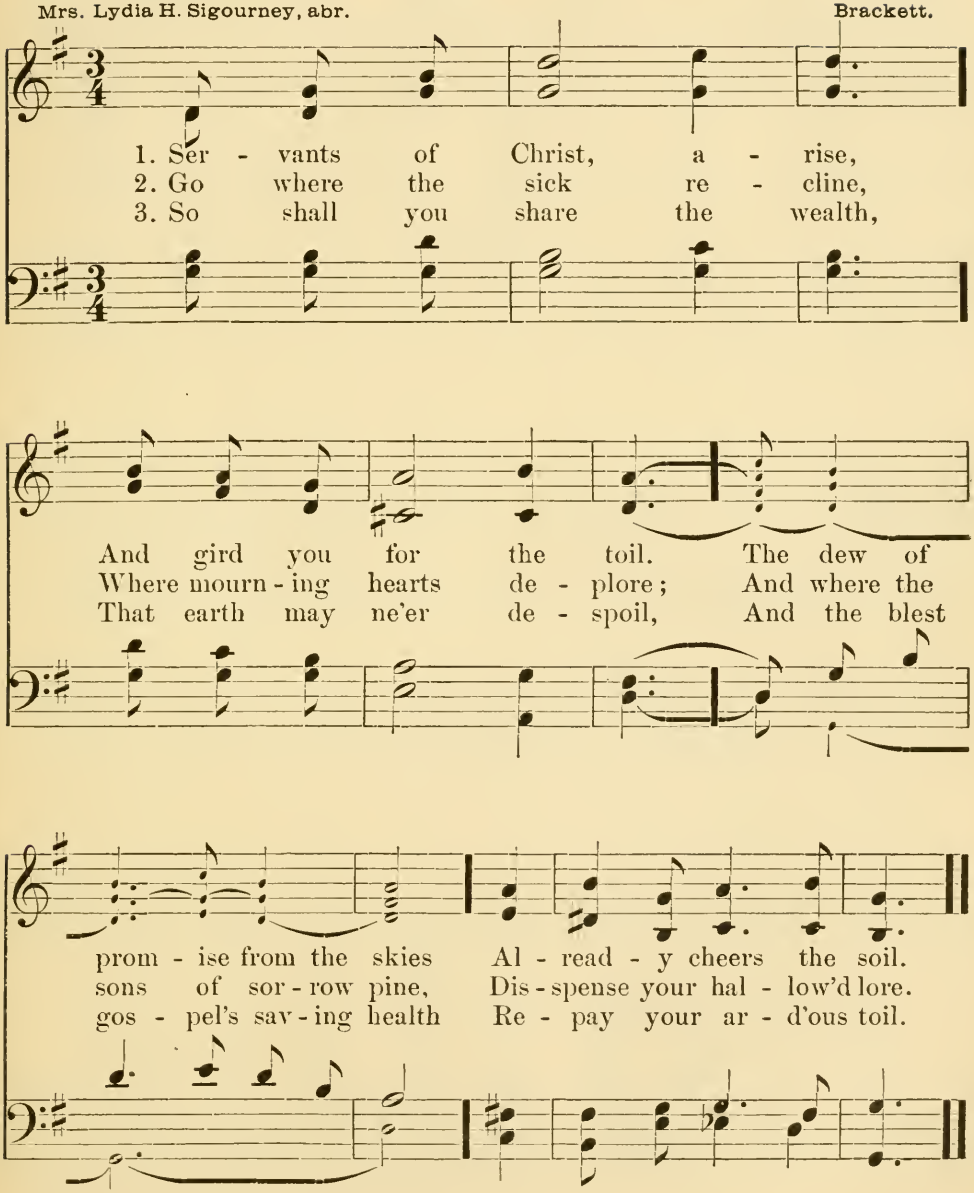
The small notes are for accompaniment only.

101 St. Thomas. S. M.

Montgomery, alt. William Tansur.

102 Servants of Christ, Arise. S. M.

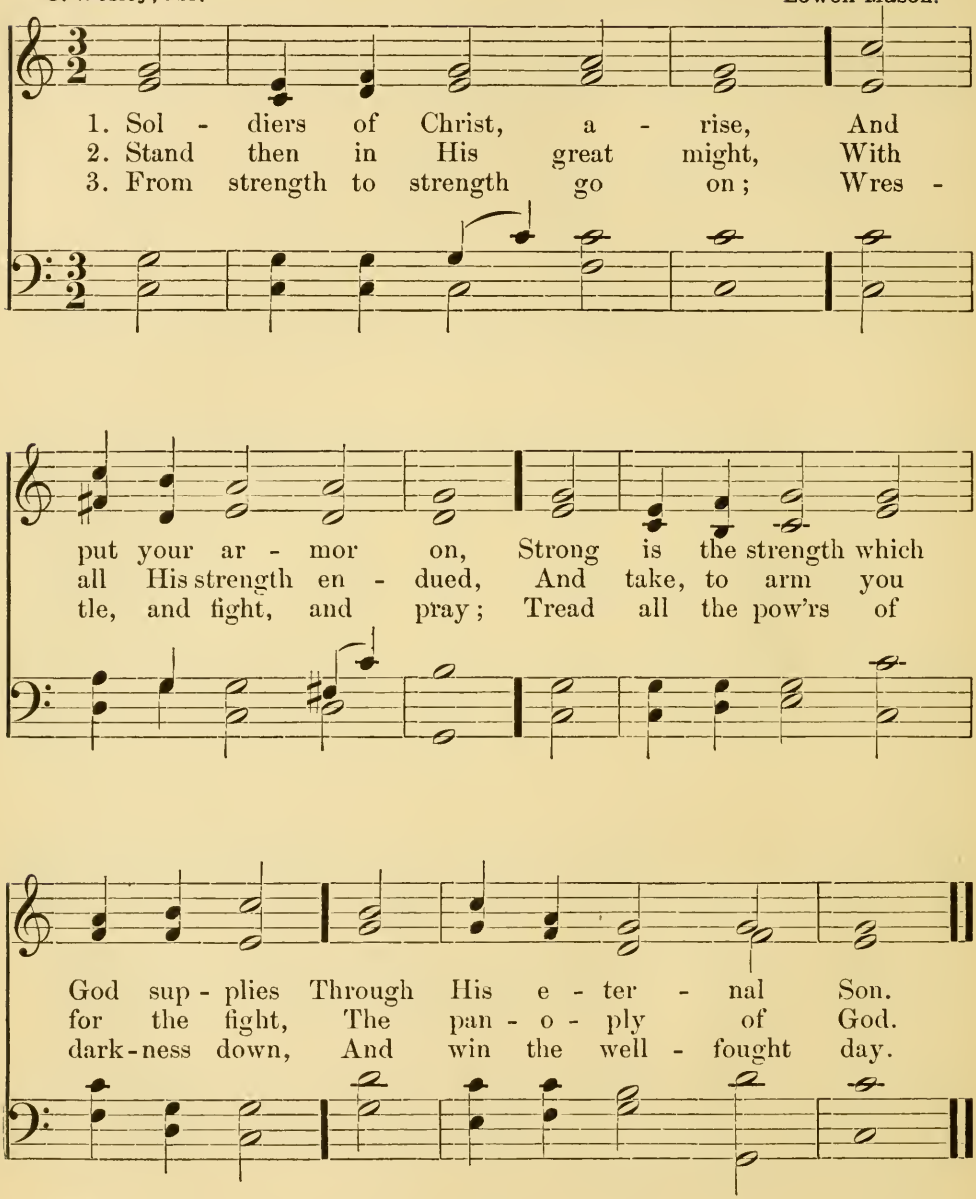
Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, abr. Brackett.



The small notes are for accompaniment only.

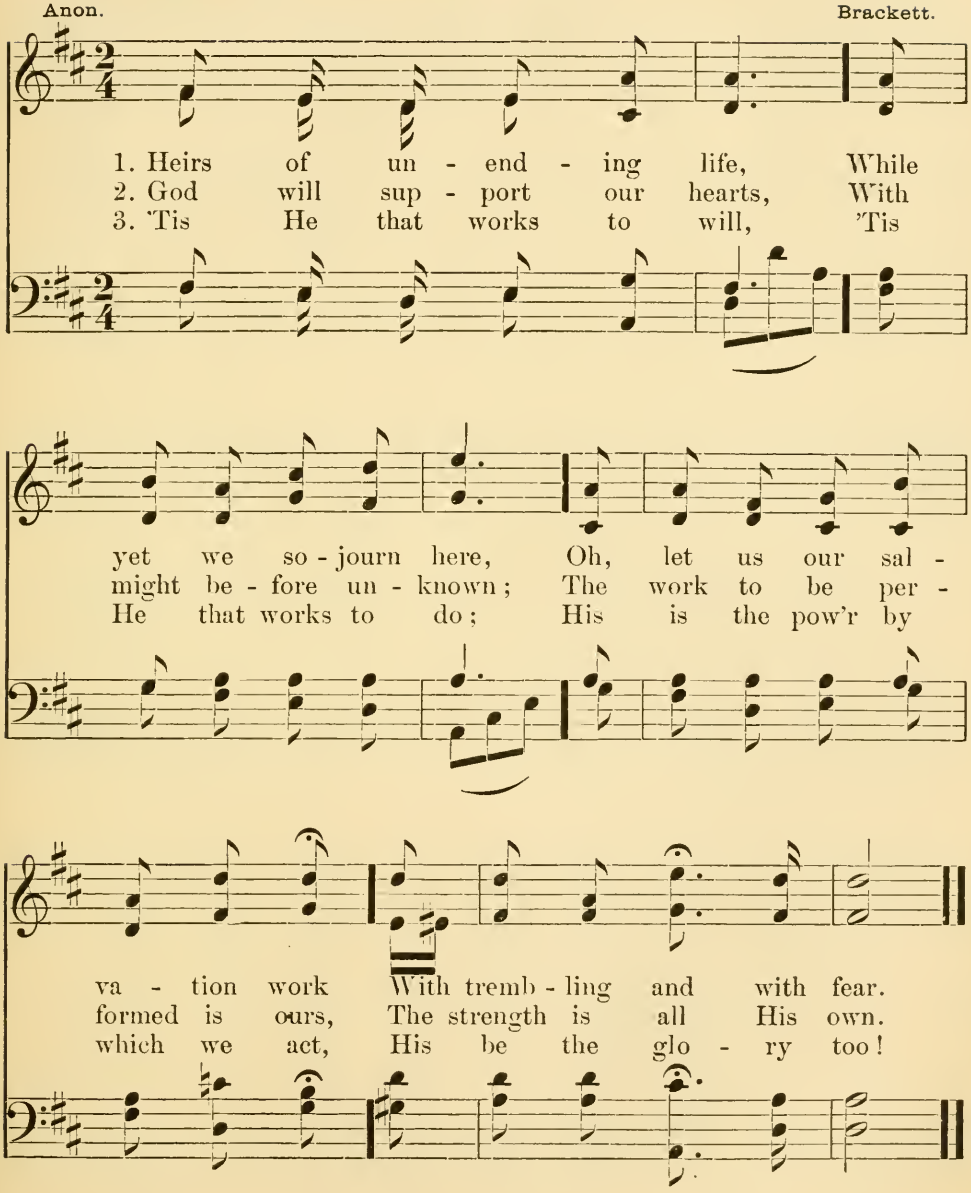
103 Boylston. S. M.

C. Wesley, abr. Lowell Mason.



104 Heirs of Unending Life. S. M.

Anon. Brackett.



105 Athol. S. M.

Doddridge. Ralph Harrison.

106 Ye Messengers of Christ. S. M.

Mrs. Voke. Sir Herbert Oakley, L.L.D.,Mus. Doc.

107 Olmutz. S. M.

Charles Parsons, abr. Arr. by Dr. Mason.

108 Sow in the Morn Thy Seed. S. M.

J. Montgomery. Brackett.

109 Silver Street. S. M.

Rev. Thomas Cogswell Upham. S. Smith.

110 Make Haste, O Man to Do. S. M.

H. Bonar, alt. and abr. Brackett.

111 Sicily. 8s, 7s.

J. Rowe, alt. and abr. Sicilian Melody.

112 Call the Lord Thy Sure Salvation 8s, 7s.

James Montgomery, abr. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.

113 Bartimeus. 8s, 7s.

S. Johnson, abr. Stephen Jenks.

114 God is Love; His Mercy Brightens. 8s, 7s.

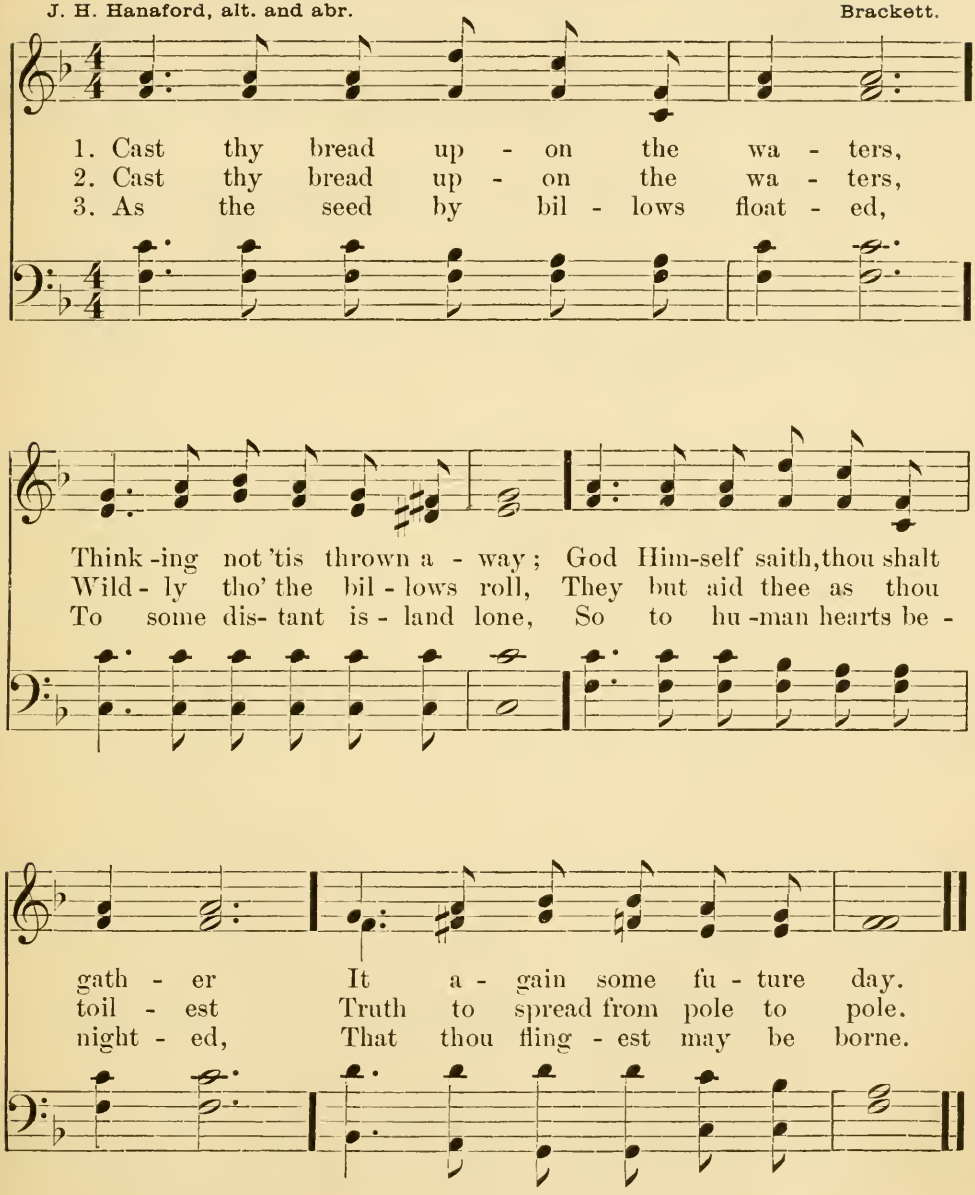
Bowring, abr. Wm. Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.

115 Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

Gottfried Arnold. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth, alt. and abr. I. Conkey.

116 Cast Thy Bread upon the Waters. 8s, 7s.

J. H. Hanaford, alt. and abr. Brackett.

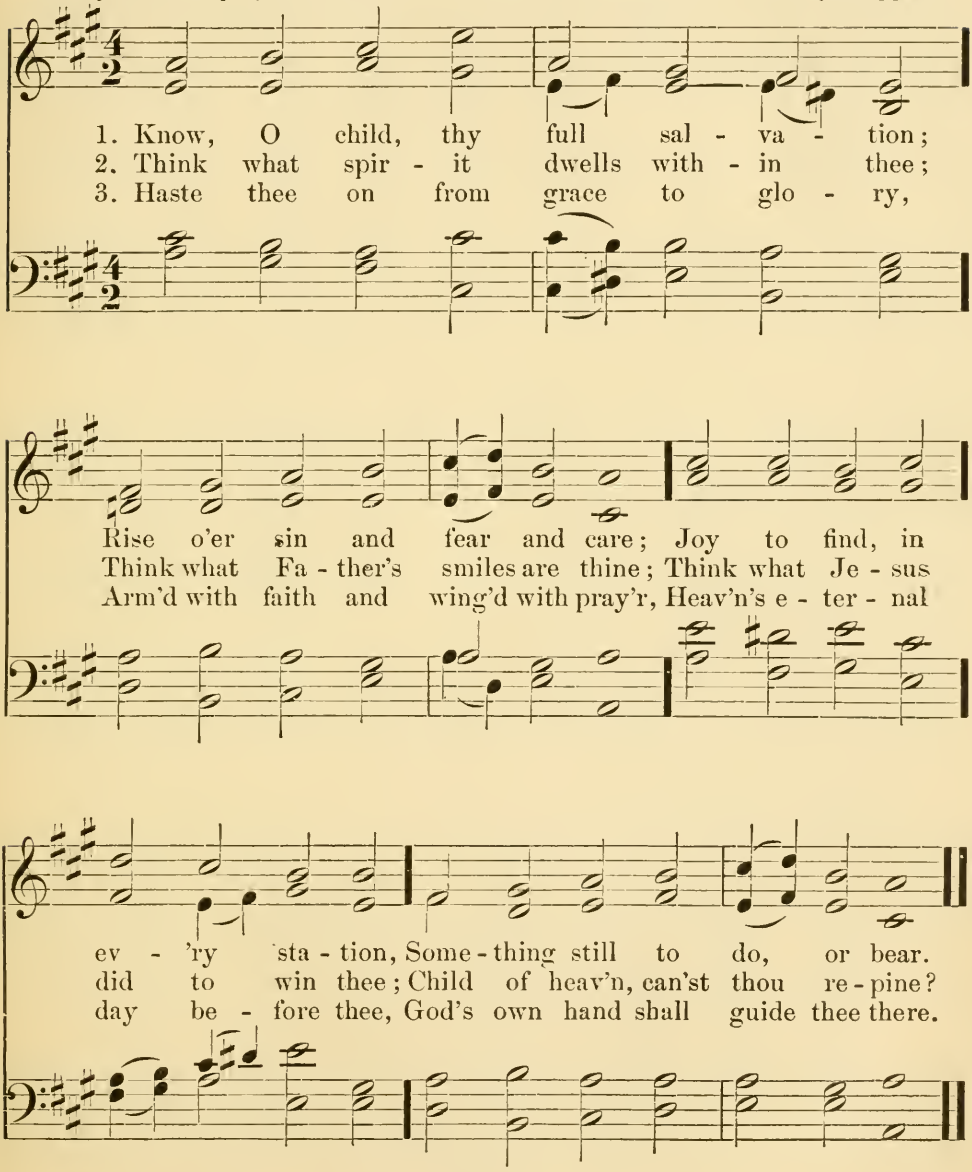


117 Stockwell. 8s, 7s.

D. E. Jones.

118 Know, O Child, Thy Full Salvation. 8s, 7s.

Henry Francis Lyte, alt. and abr. John Sebastian Bach. Arr. by Steggall.



119 Wilmot. 8s, 7s.

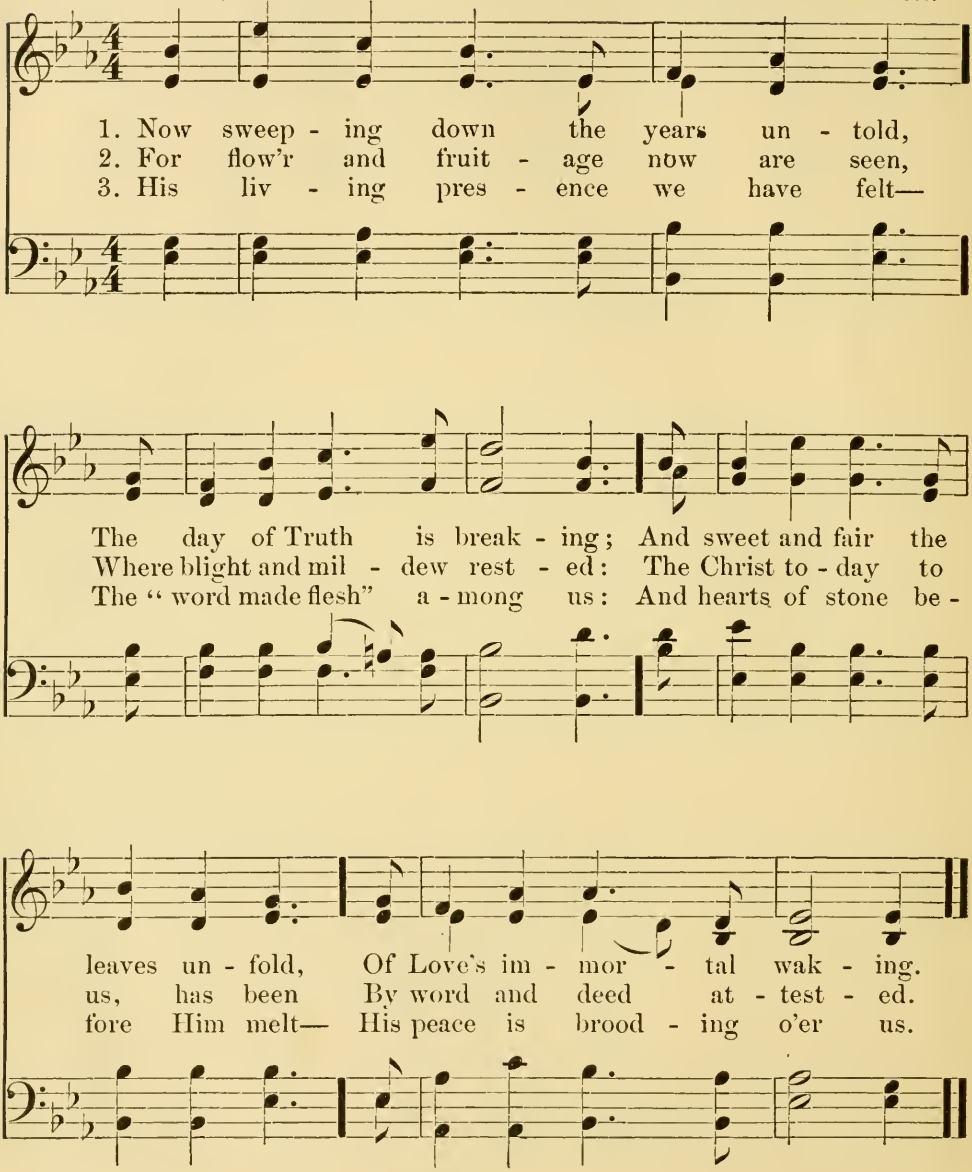
Breviary. Carl Maria von Weber.

120 Father, Hear the Prayer We Offer. 8s, 7s.

Hymns of the Spirit, abr. Brackett.

121 Science. 8s, 7s.

Laura C. Nourse, alt. and abr. Brackett.

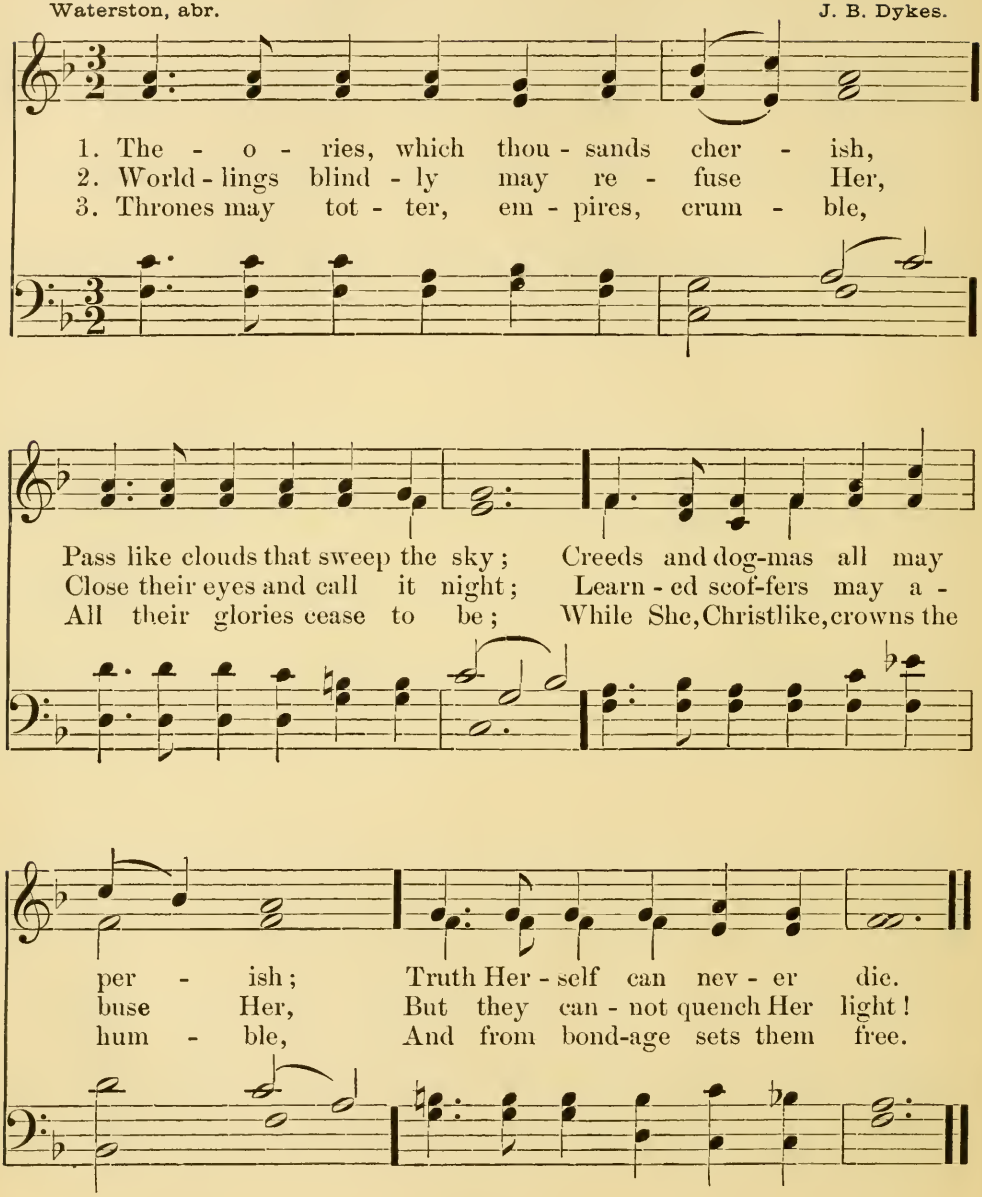


122 With Love and Peace and Joy Supreme. 8s, 7s.

Laura C. Nourse, alt. and abr. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.

123 St. Sylvester. 8s, 7s.

Waterston, abr. J. B. Dykes.

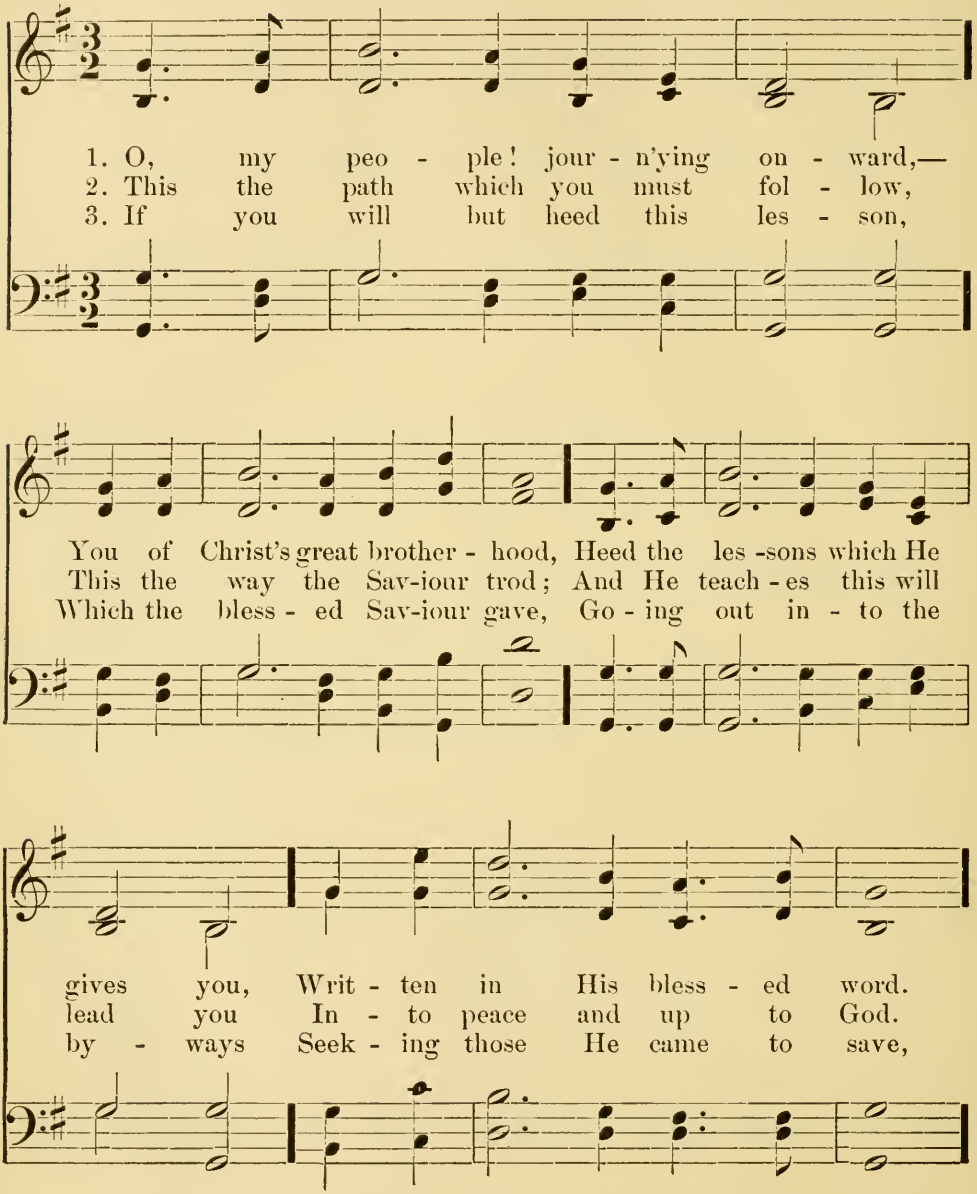


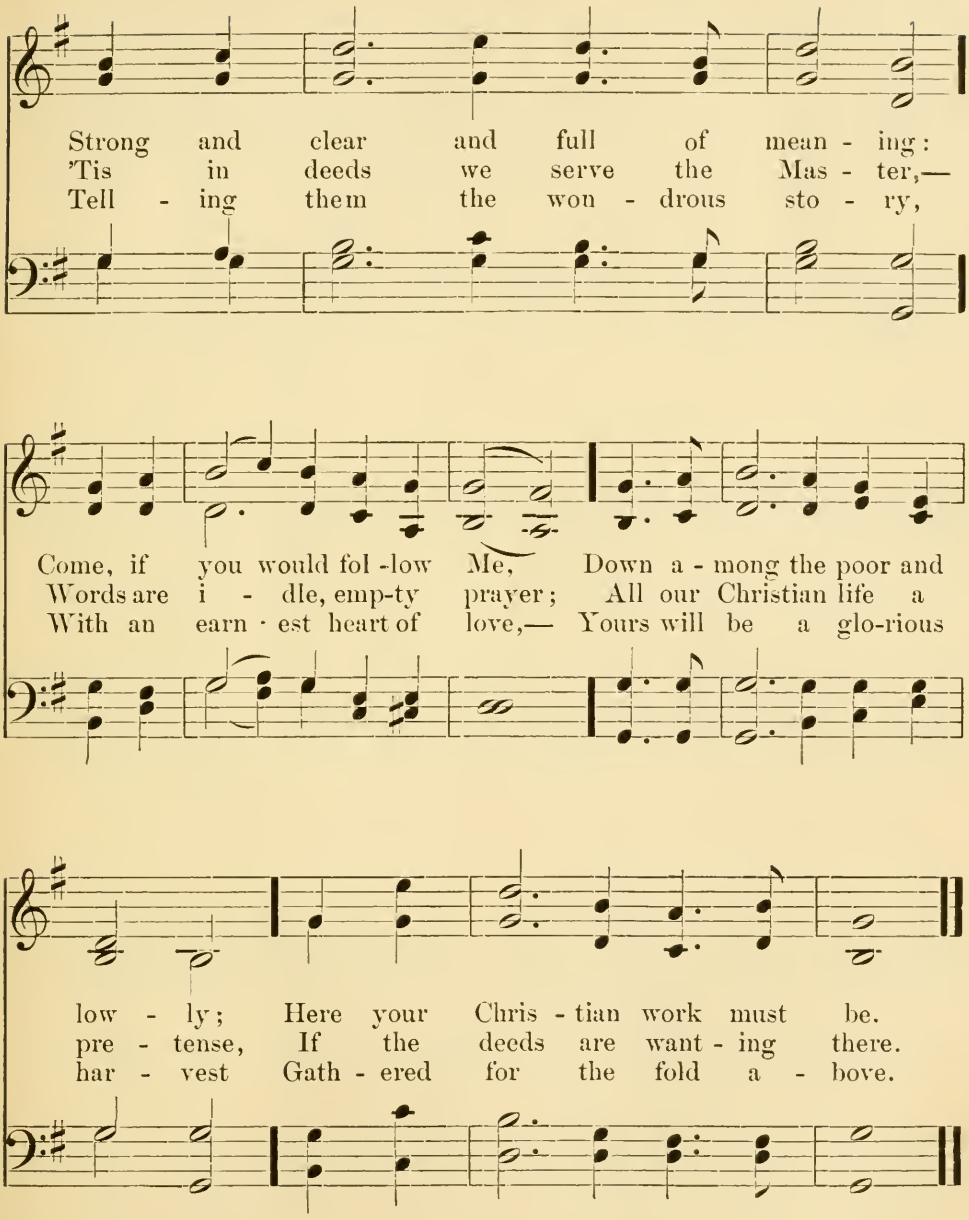
124 Vainly Through Night's Weary Hours. 8s, 7s.

H. Auber, abr. Brackett.

125 Autumn. 8s, 7s, D.

Mrs. F. S. Lovejoy. Spanish Melody. Marechio.




Strong and clear and full of mean - ing:
'Tis in deeds we serve the Mas - ter,—
Tell - ing them the won - drous sto - ry,
Come, if you would fol - low Me, Down a - mong the poor and
Words are i - dle, emp-ty prayer; All our Christian life a
With an earn - est heart of love,— Yours will be a glo-rious
low - ly; Here your Chris - tian work must be.
pre - tense, If the deeds are want - ing there.
har - vest Gath - ered for the fold a - bove.

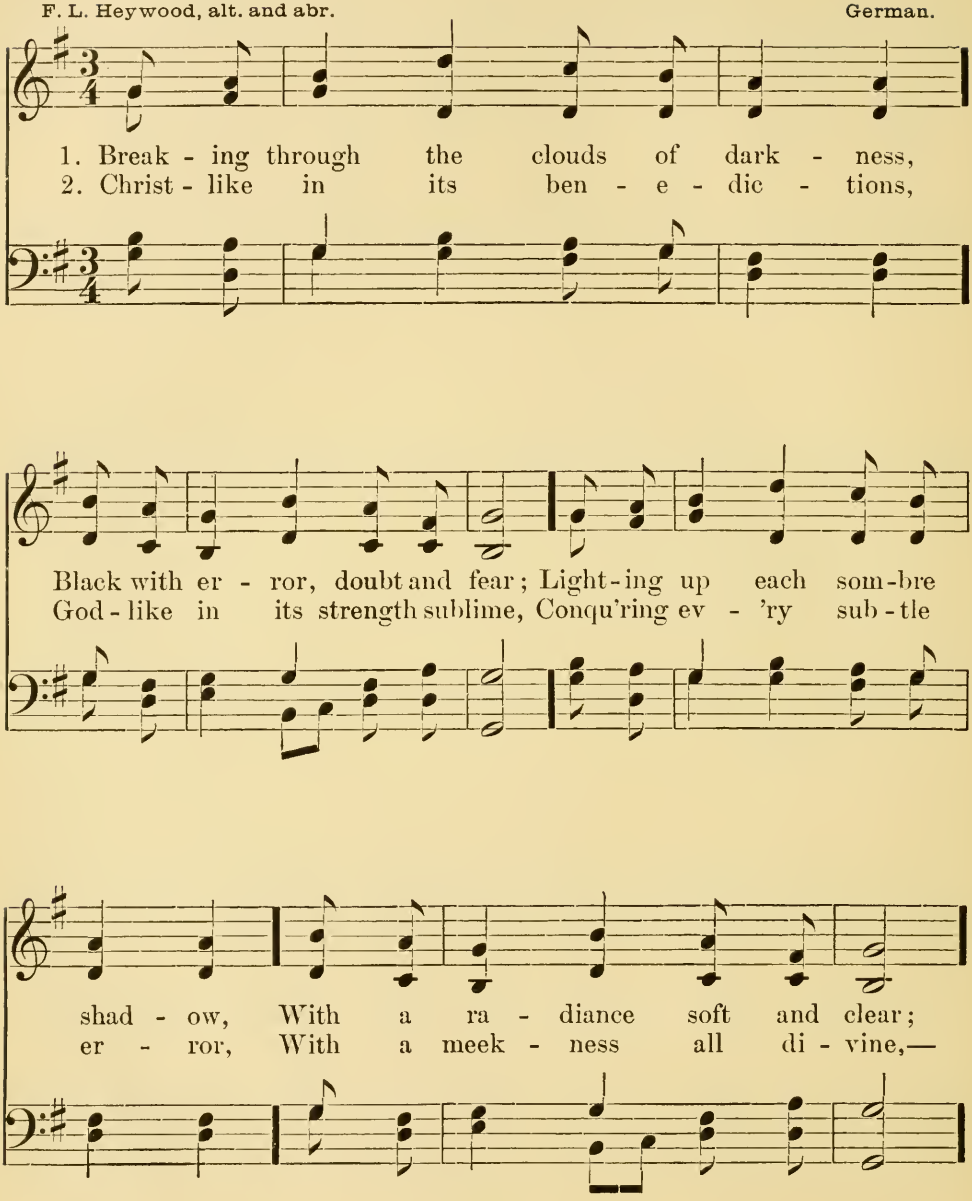
126 True, the Heart Grows Rich in Giving. 8s, 7s, D.

Elizabeth Charles, alt. and abr. F. J. Haydn.

Is thy bur - den hard and heav - y?
Is the heart a liv - ing pow - er?
Do thy steps drag wear - i - ly? Help to bear thy
Self - en - twined, its strength sinks low. It can on - ly
broth - er's bur - den, God will bear both it and thee.
live in lov - ing, And by serv - ing love will grow.

127 Bavaria. 8s, 7s, D.

F. L. Heywood, alt. and abr. German.

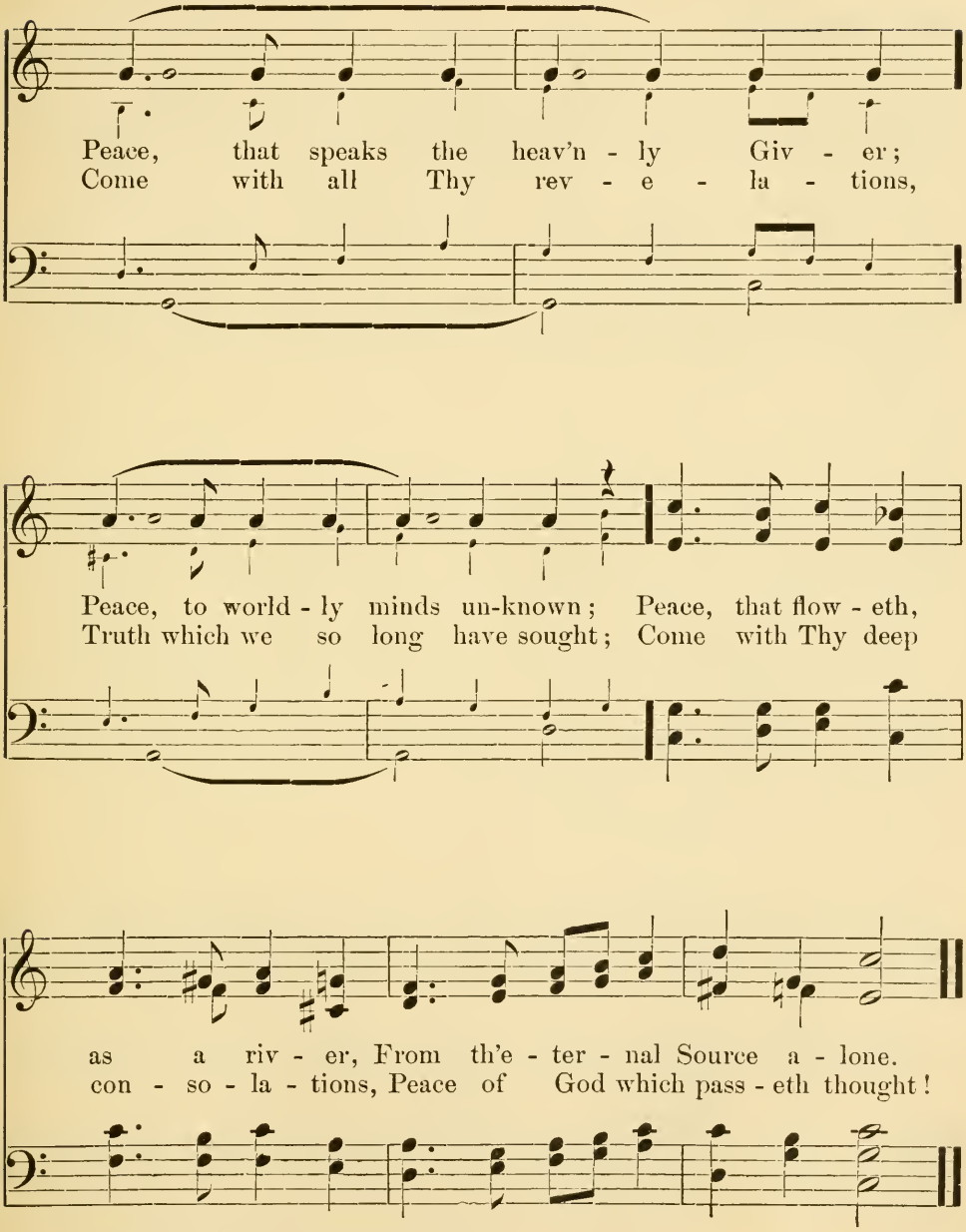


Fill - ing ev - 'ry heart with glad - ness,
May it go a - cross the o - cean,
That its ho - ly pow - er feels, Comes the Chris - tian Sci - ence
And be known in ev - 'ry land. Till our sis - ters and our
Gos - pel; Sin it kills and grief it heals.
broth - ers, Are u - ni - ted in one band.

128 Peace be to this Congregation. 8s, 7s, D.

Wesleyan. Brackett.

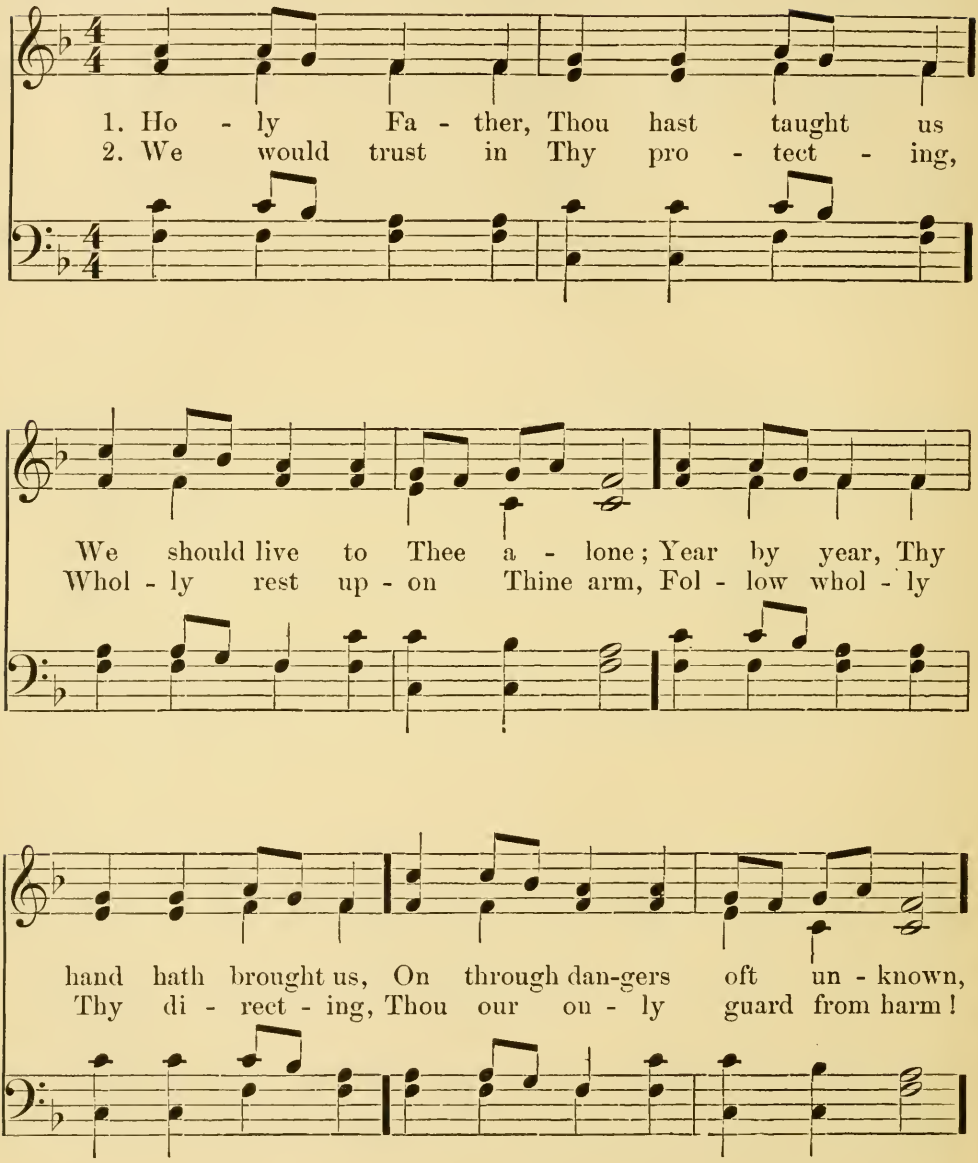
ALL VOICES IN UNISON.



The small notes are for accompaniment only.

129 Greenville. 8s, 7s, D.

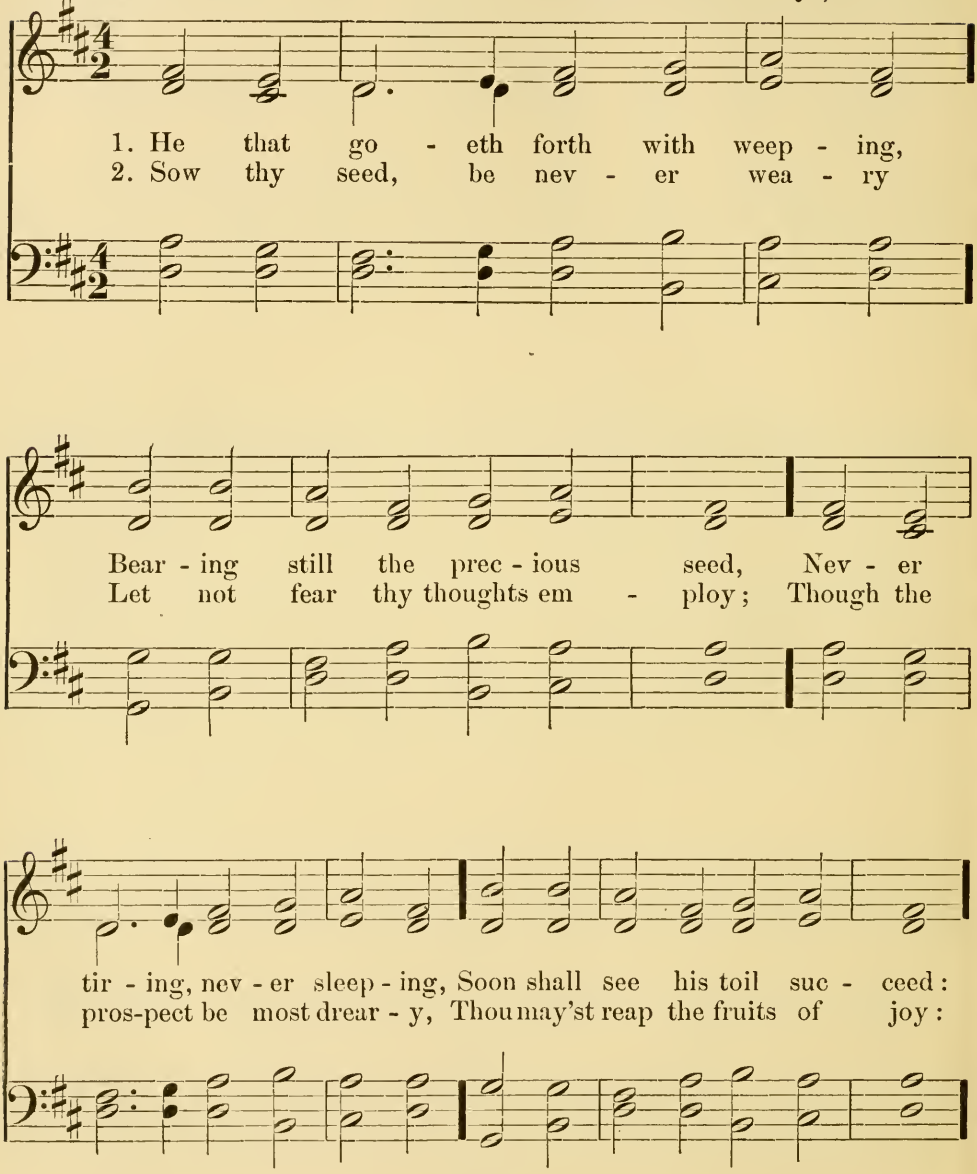
Anon, alt. Rosseau.

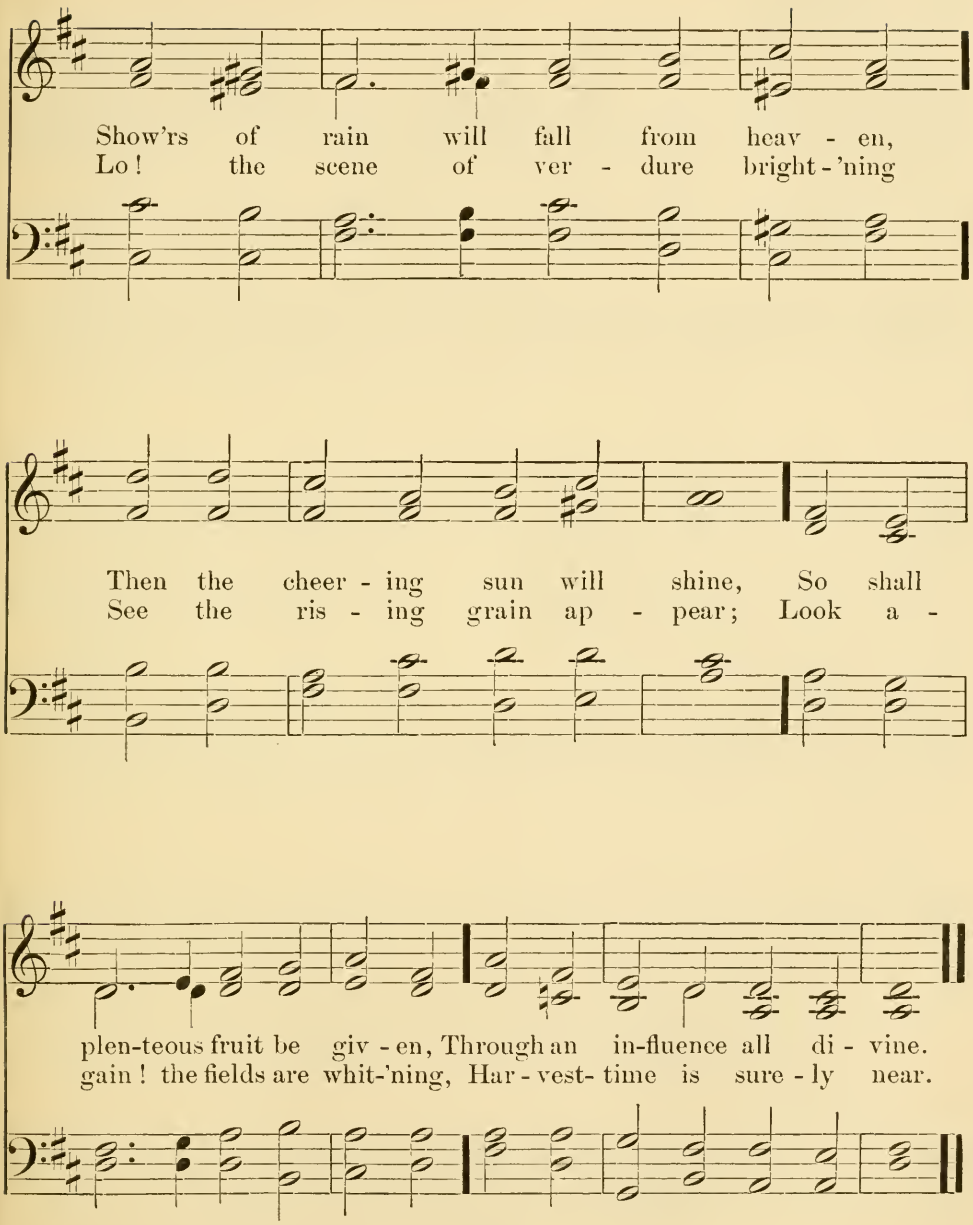


When we wan - dered, Thou hast found us;
Keep us from our own un - do - ing,
When we doubt - ed, sent us light; Still Thine arm has
Help us turn to Thee when tried, Still our strength in
been a - round us, All our paths were in Thy sight.
Thee re - new - ing, Keep us ev - er at Thy side!

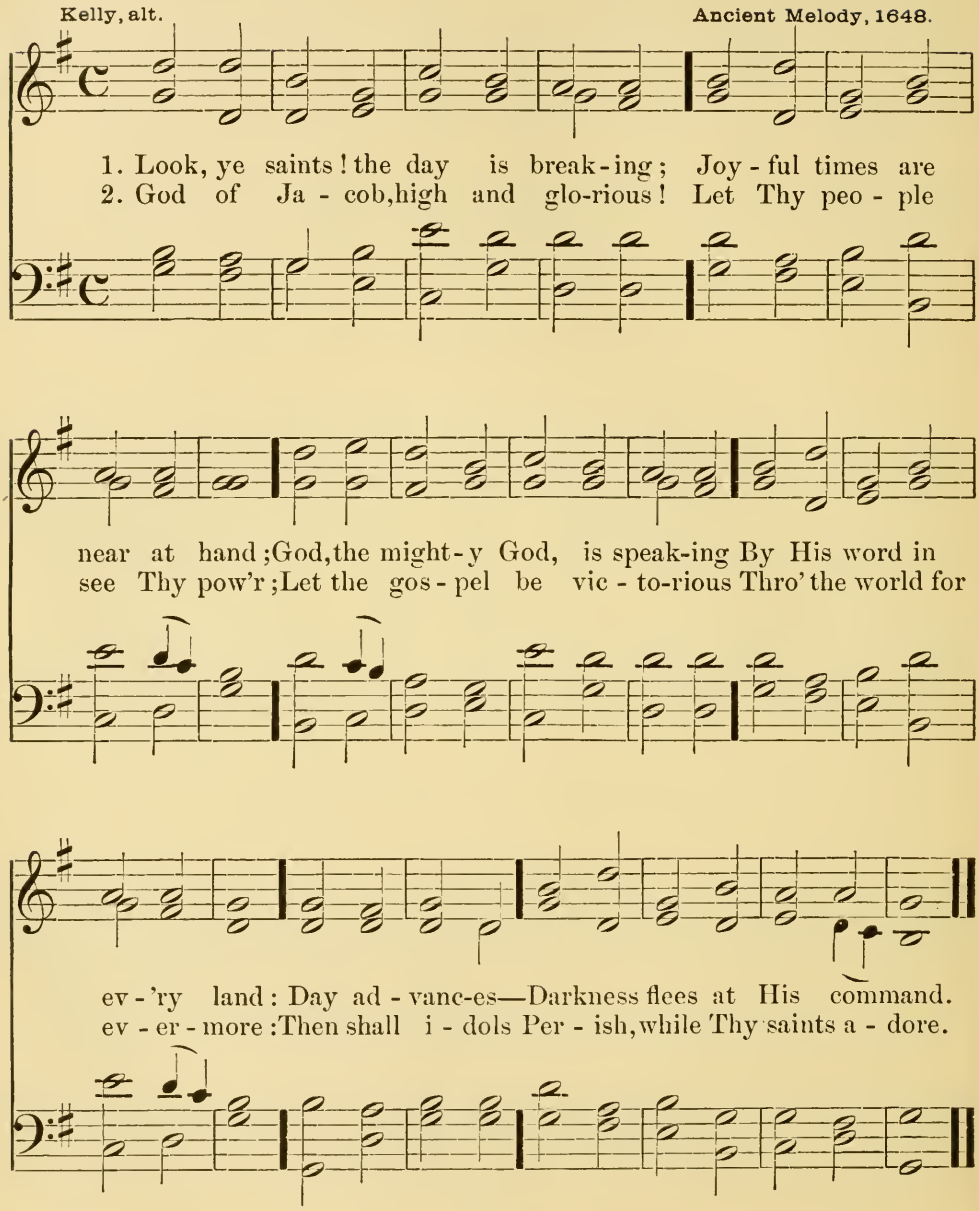
130 He That Goeth Forth with Weeping. 8s, 7s, D.

Hastings, alt. Charles Harford Lloyd, Mus. Bac.



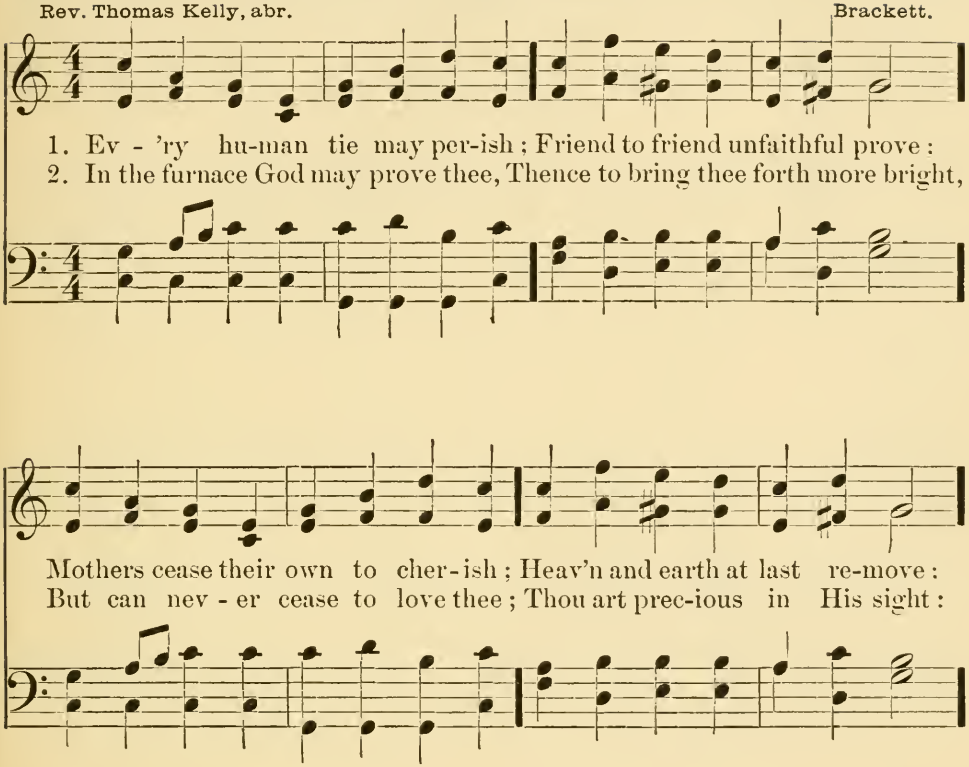

Show'rs of rain will fall from heav - en,
Lo! the scene of ver - dure bright - 'ning
Then the cheer - ing sun will shine, So shall
See the ris - ing grain ap - pear; Look a -
plen-teous fruit be giv - en, Through an in-fluence all di - vine.
gain! the fields are whit-'ning, Har - vest- time is sure - ly near.

131 Weimar. 8s, 7s, 4s.



132 Every Human Tie May Perish. 8s, 7s, 4s.

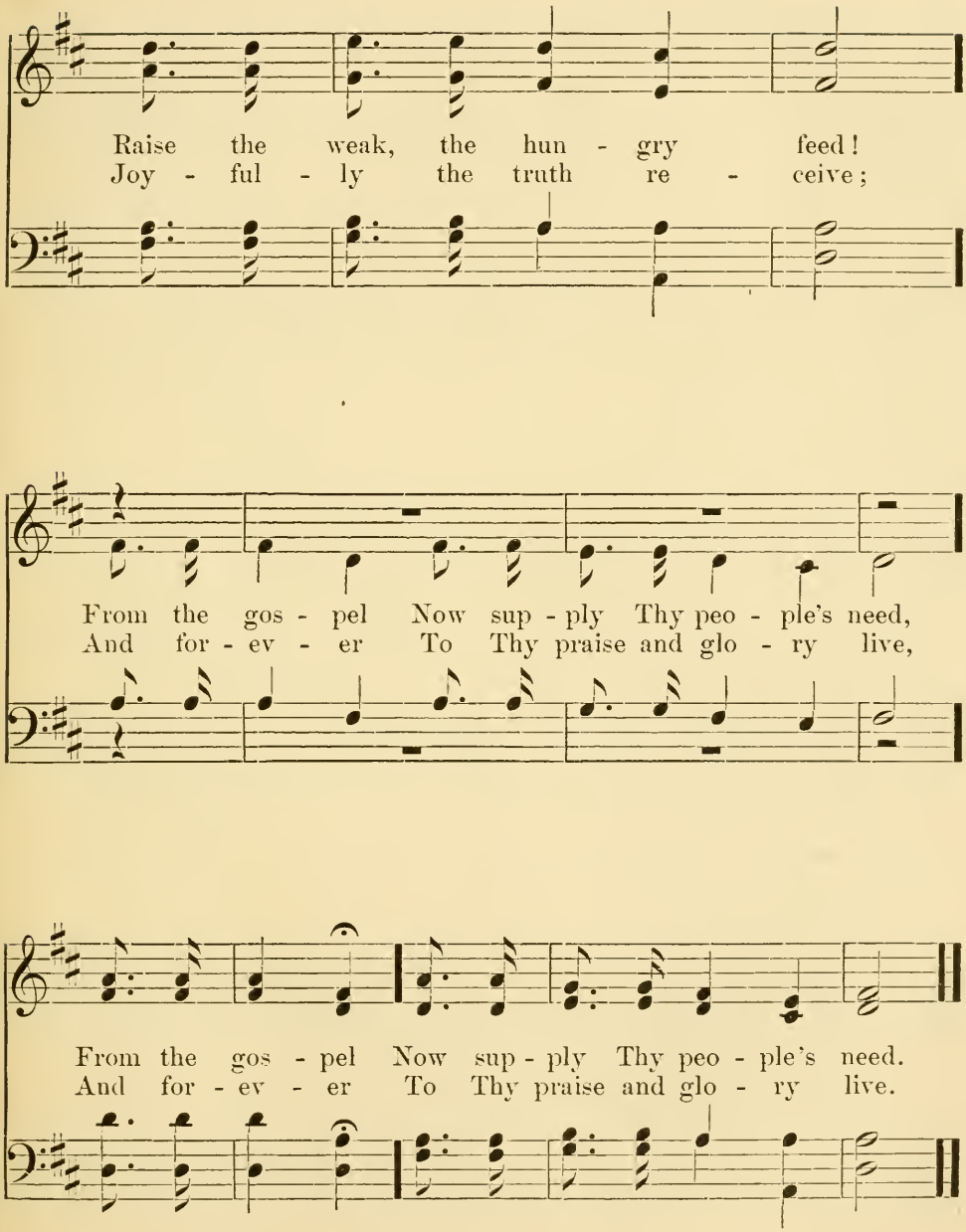
Rev. Thomas Kelly, abr. Brackett.



The small notes are not to be sung.

133 Zion. 8s, 7s, 4s.

Anon. Thomas Hastings.


Raise the weak, the hun - gry feed!
Joy - ful - ly the truth re - ceive;
From the gos - pel Now sup - ply Thy peo - ple's need,
And for - ev - er To Thy praise and glo - ry live,
From the gos - pel Now sup - ply Thy peo - ple's need.
And for - ev - er To Thy praise and glo - ry live.

134 Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah! 8s, 7s, 4s.

William Williams, alt. and abr. Brackett.

Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand.
Leads me all my jour - ney through.
Bread of heav - en!
Strong De - liv - 'rer!
Feed me till I want no more.
Still Thou art my strength and shield.

135 Nuremburg. 7s.

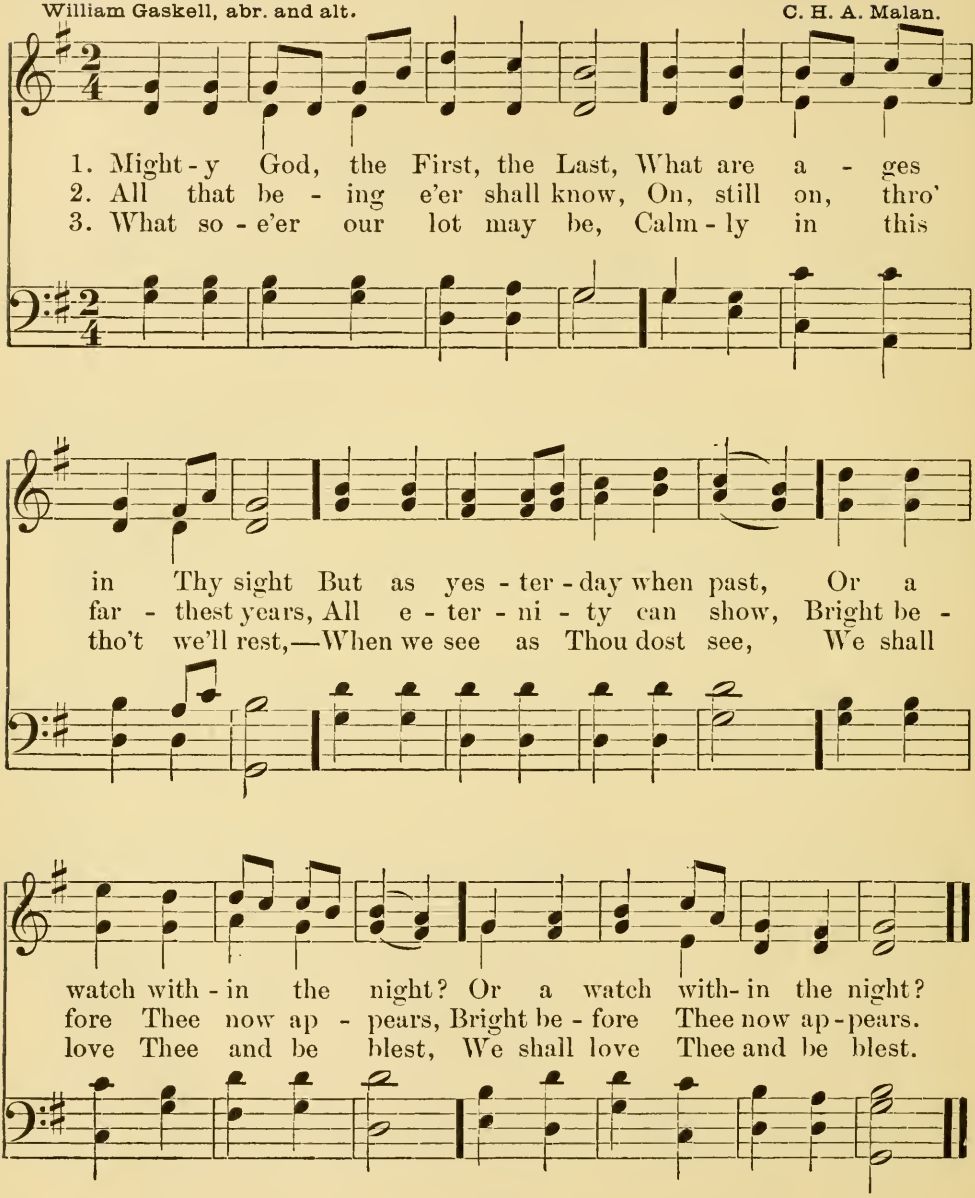
Josiah Conder. Johann Rudolph Ahle.

136 Everlasting Arms of Love. 7s.

Anon. Brackett.

137 Hendon. 7s.

William Gaskell, abr. and alt. C. H. A. Malan.



138 Partners of a Glorious Hope. 7s.

Wesleyan, alt. Brackett.

The small notes are for accompaniment only.

139 Pleyel. 7s.

From the German. Ignace Pleyel.

140 Wait, My Heart, upon the Lord. 7s.

W. F. Lloyd, alt. and abr. Brackett.

141 Dijon. 7s.

Anon. German Evening Hymn.

142 Holy Bible! Book Divine! 7s.

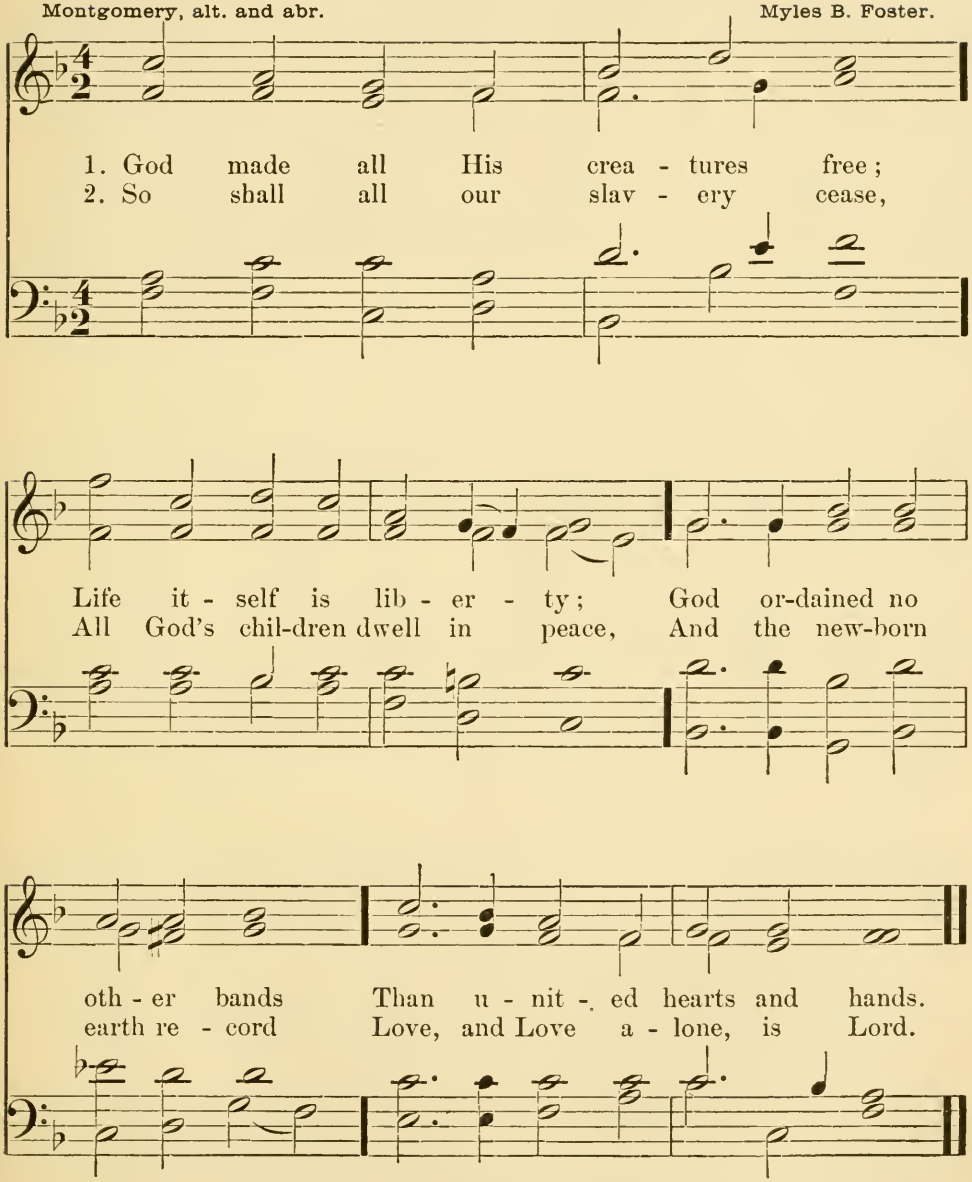
Anon, abr. Brackett.

143 Herford. 7s.

Lowell. English Tune.

144 God Made All His Creatures Free. 7s.

Montgomery, alt. and abr. Myles B. Foster.



145 Halle. 7s, 61.

Thomas Toke Lynch, 1855, abr. F. J. Haydn.

Would Thy life in mine re - veal;
Let Thy life in mine ap - pear;
Where un - aid - ed man must fail;
And with ac - tions bold and meek
And with ac - tions broth - er - ly
Ev - er by a might - y hope
Christ's own gra - cious spir - it speak.
Fol - low Christ's sin - cer - i - ty.
Press - ing on and bear - ing up.

146 Watchman. 7s, D.

John Bowring, 1825. Lowell Mason.

Watch - man, does its beau - t'ous ray
Watch - man, will its beams a - lone
Watch - man, let thy wan - d'rings cease;
Aught of hope or joy fore - tell? Trav - 'ler, yes; it
Gild the spot that gave them birth? Trav - 'ler, a - ges
Hie thee to thy qui - et home! Trav - 'ler, lo! the
brings the day, Prom - ised day of Is - ra - el.
are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God, is come!

147 Webb. 7s, 6s, D.

S. F. Smith. G. J. Webb.

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean
Stay not till all the low - ly
Brings ti - dings from a - far, Of na - tions in com -
Tri - umph-ant reach their home: Stay not till all the
mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
ho - ly Pro - claim—"The Lord is come."

148 God Comes with Succor Speedy. 7s, 6s, D.

James Montgomery, abr. Brackett.

Tenor Solo.
He comes to break op - pres - sion,
The tide of time shall nev - - er
And set the cap - tive free,
His cov - e - nant re - move;
To take a - way trans -
His name shall stand for -
gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.
ev - er; His great, best name of Love.

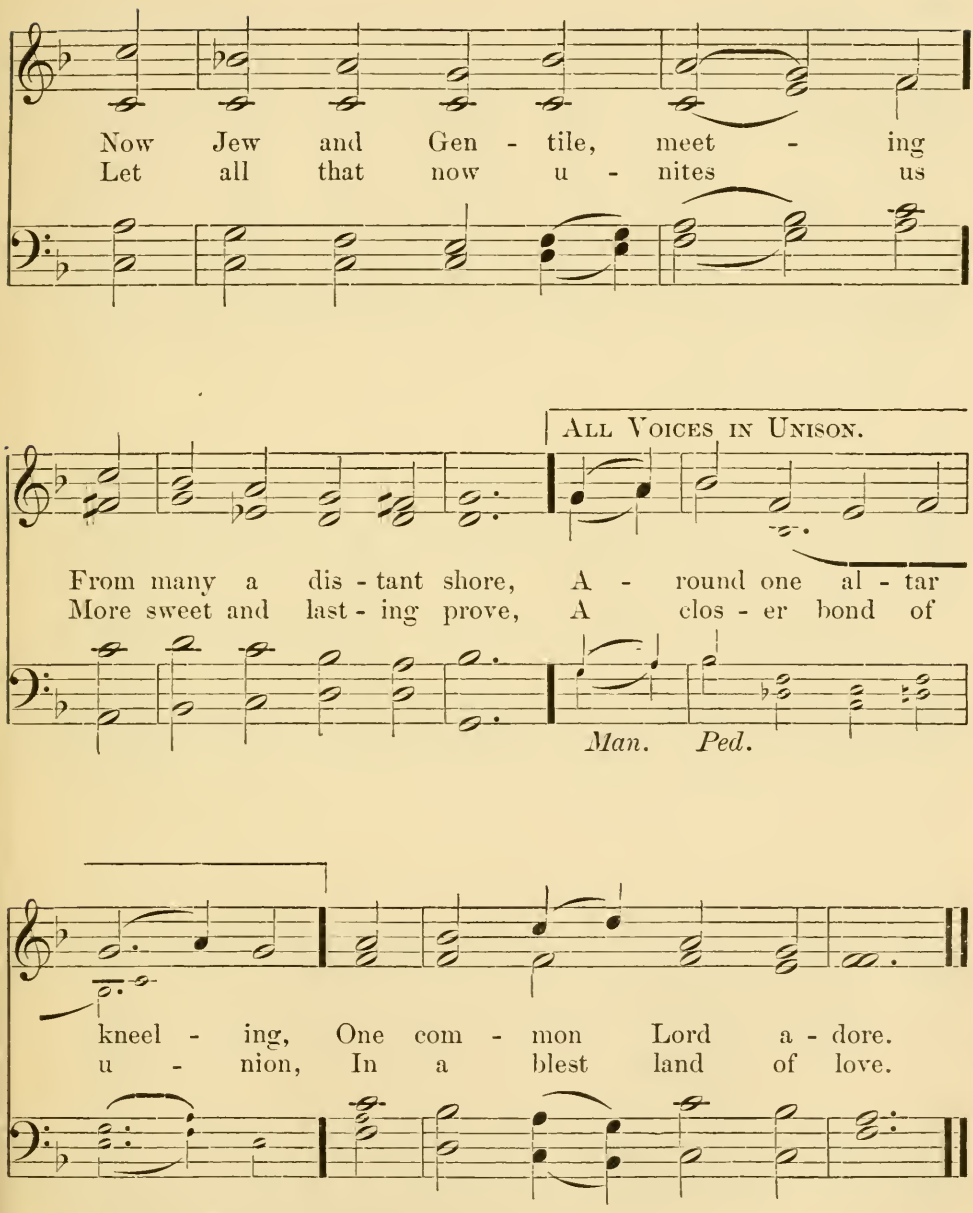
149 Ewing. 7s, 6s, D.

Anna L. Waring, 1850. Alexander Ewing.

The storm may roar with - out me,
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth,
My hope I can - not meas - ure,
My heart may low be laid; But God is round a -
His sight is nev - er dim; He knows the way He
My path in life is free; My Fa - ther has my
bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

150 Now is the Time Approaching. 7s. 6s. D.

Jane Bortwick, abr. J. W. Elliott.



The small notes are for accompaniment only.

151 Greenland. 7s, 6s, D.

B. Gough, abr. Lausanne Psalter.

That pub - lish - eth sal - va - tion,
The Lord, in strength vic - to - rious,
And ju - bi - lee re - lease, To ev - 'ry tribe and
Up - on thy foes hath trod; Be - hold, O earth! the
na - tion, God's reign of joy and peace!
glo - rious Sal - va - tion of our God!

152 God Is My Strong Salvation. 7s, 6s, D.

James Montgomery. Sir John Stainer, M. A., Mus. Doc.

Though hosts en - camp a - round me,
His might Thy heart shall strength - en,
Firm in the fight I stand; What ter - ror can con -
His love thy joy in - crease; Mer - cy thy day shall
found me, With God at my right hand?
length - en: The Lord will give thee peace!

153 Missionary Hymn. 7s, 6s, D.

Lowell Mason.

In dark and hid - den pla - ces
It rings from hill and val - ley,
To hearts and homes be - night - ed
There shines the bless - ed light; The beam of truth dis -
It breaks op - pres-sion's chain, A thou-sand free-men
The bless - ed truth is giv'n, And peace and love, u -
plac - es The dark - ness of the night.
ral - ly, And swell the might - y strain.
nit - ed, Point up - ward un - to heav'n.

154 I Know No Life Divided. 7s, 6s, D.

Rev. Carl Johann Philipp Spitta.
Tr. by Richard Massie, alt. and abr.

William Henry Monk. Mus. Doc.

I know no death, O Fa - ther,
Since Thou, my God and Teach - er,
Be - cause I live in Thee; Thy life it is which
Vouch-safe to be my own, Though poor, I shall be
frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly.
rich - er Than mon - arch on his throne.

155 St. Cecilia. 6s.

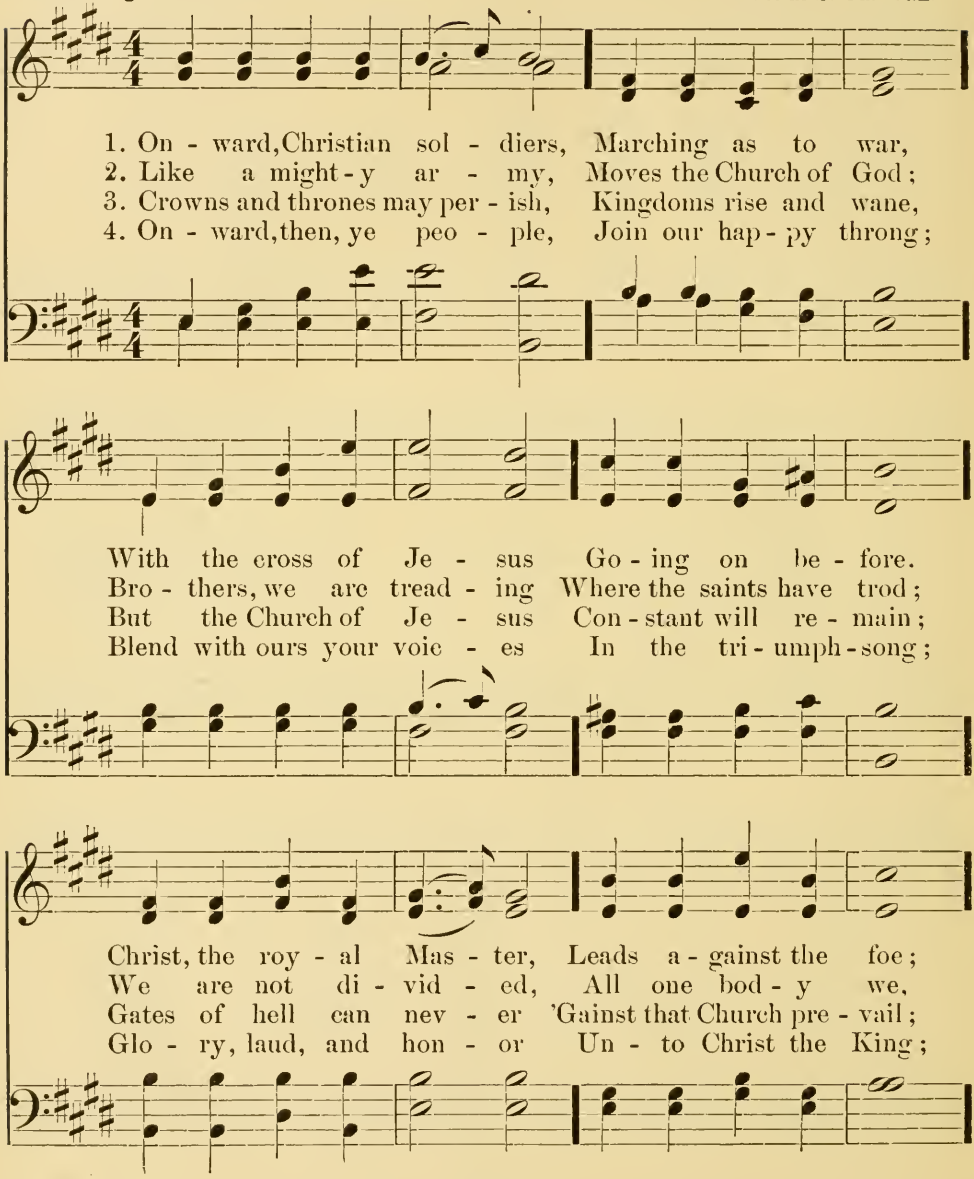
Kathleen, alt. and abr. Rev. S. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc.

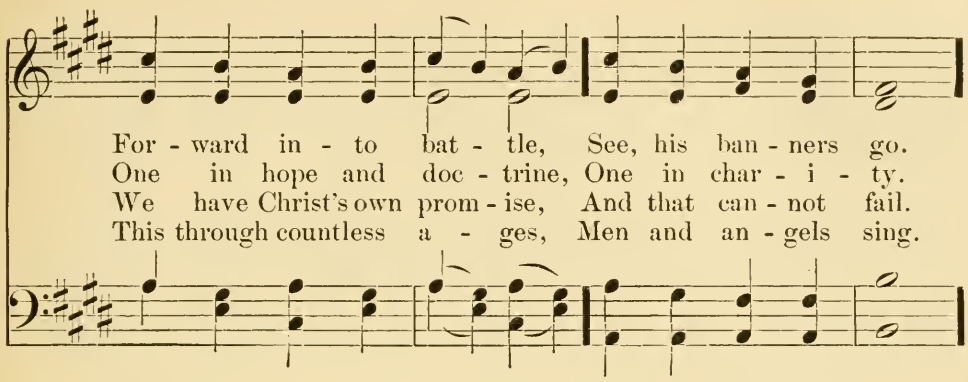
156 If God is All in All. 6s.

Kathleen, alt. and abr. Brackett.

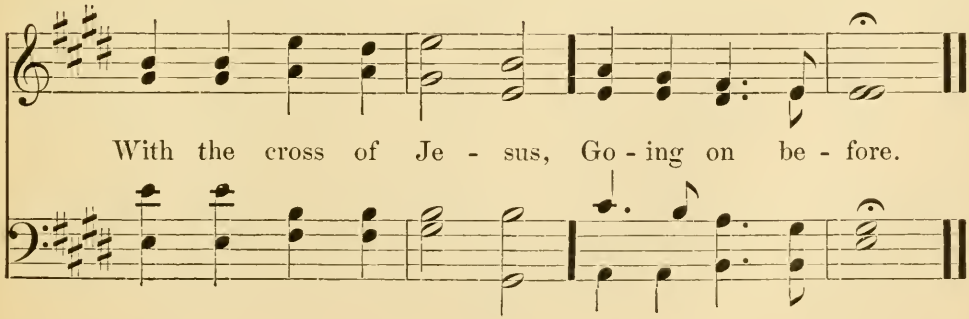
157 St. Gertrude. 6s, 5s.

S. Baring-Gould. Arthur S. Sullivan.




For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban - ners go.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
This through countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

Chorus.
On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war,


With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

158 Bethany. 6s, 4s.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.

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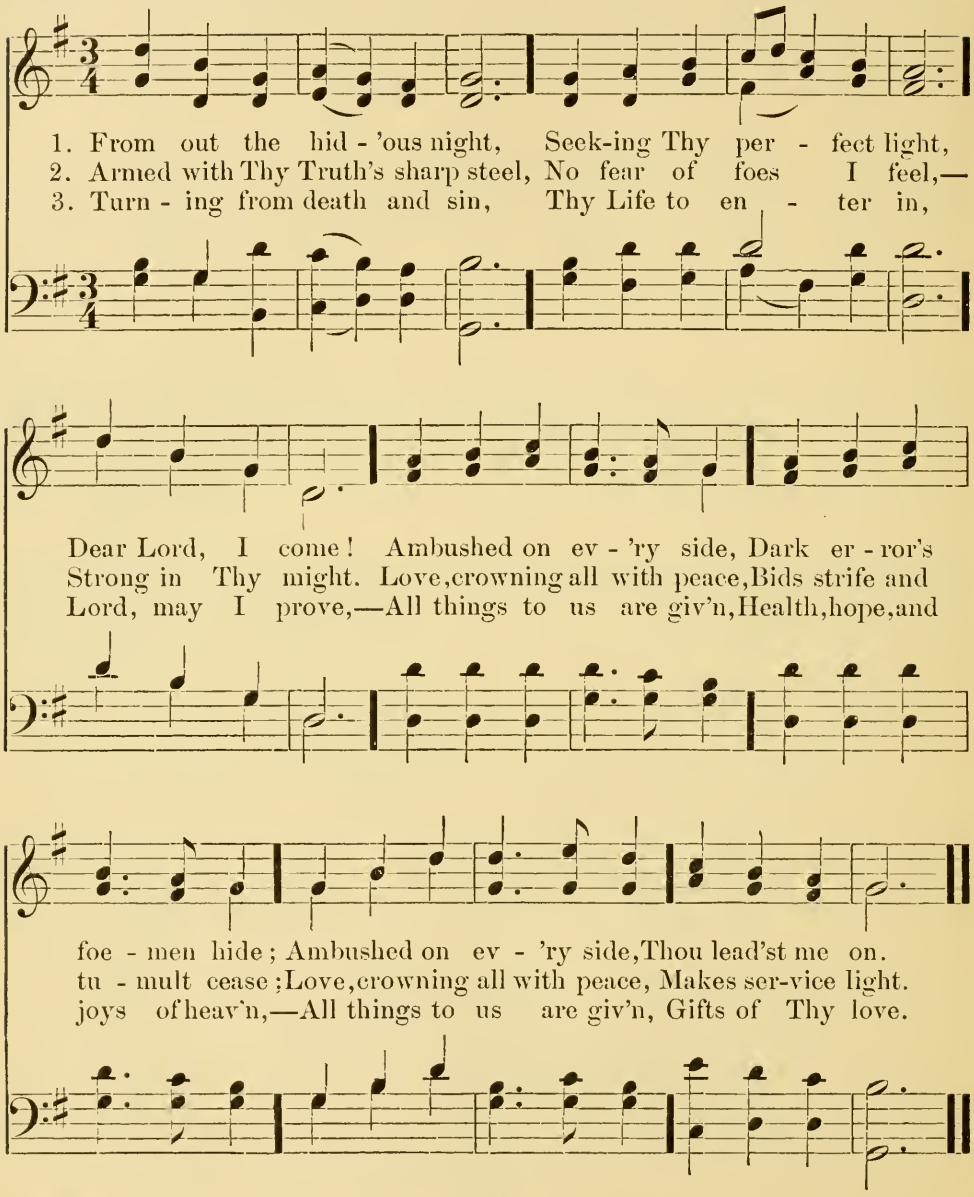
4 Then, with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

159 Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

M. M., alt. F. Giardini.



160 Truth Comes Alike to All. 6s, 4s.

161 St. Nicolas. 7s, 5s, D.

Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy. Wm. Stevenson Hoyte, alt.

I will list - en for Thy voice,
Stran - gers on a bar - ren shore
Feed the hun - gry, heal the heart,
Lest my foot - steps stray, I will fol - low
Lab - 'ring long and lone— We would en - ter
Till the morn - ing's beam; White as wool, ere
and re - joice All the rug - ged way.
by the door, And Thou know'st Thine own;
they de - part— Shep - herd, wash them clean.

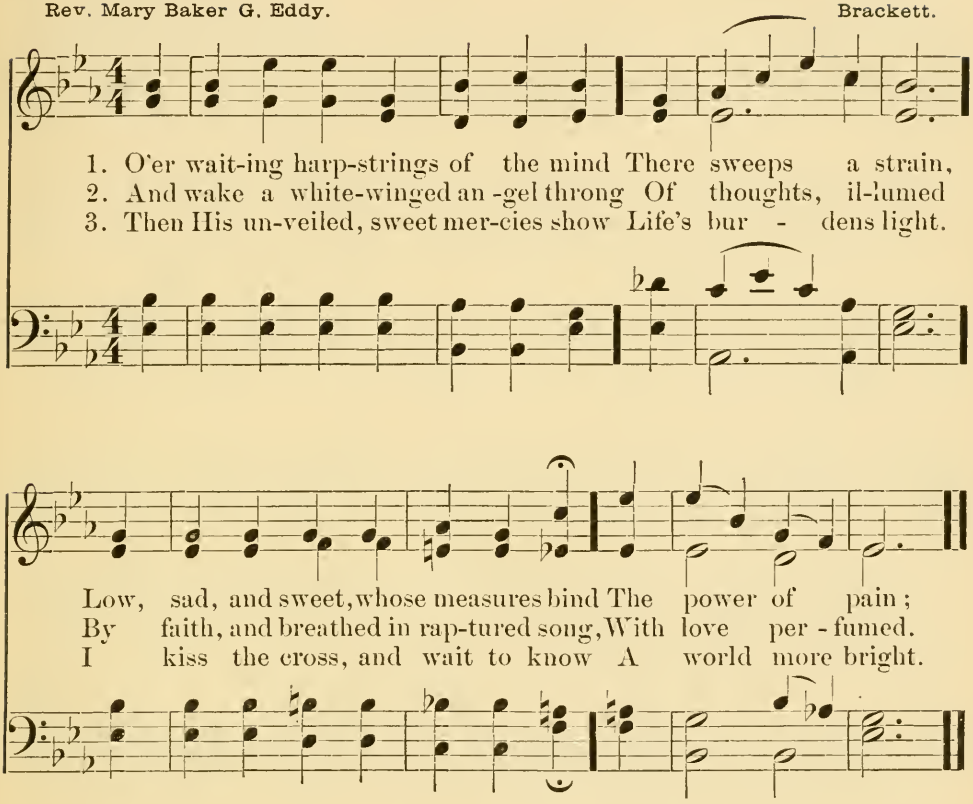
162 Vesper. 7, 7, 7, 3.

Charlotte Elliott, abr.
From "Geistliche Lieder."

Sir John Stainer, M. A, Mus. Doc.

163 Eddy. 8s, 4s.

Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy. Brackett.



4 And o'er earth's troubled, angry sea
I see Christ walk,
And come to me, and tenderly,
Divinely talk.

5 Thus Truth engrounds me on the Rock
Upon Life's shore,
'Gainst which the winds and waves can shock,
Oh, nevermore!

6 From tired joy and grief afar,
And nearer Thee,—
Father, where Thine own children are,
I love to be.

7 My prayer, some daily good to do
To Thine, for Thee,—
An off'ring pure of Love, whereto
God leadeth me.

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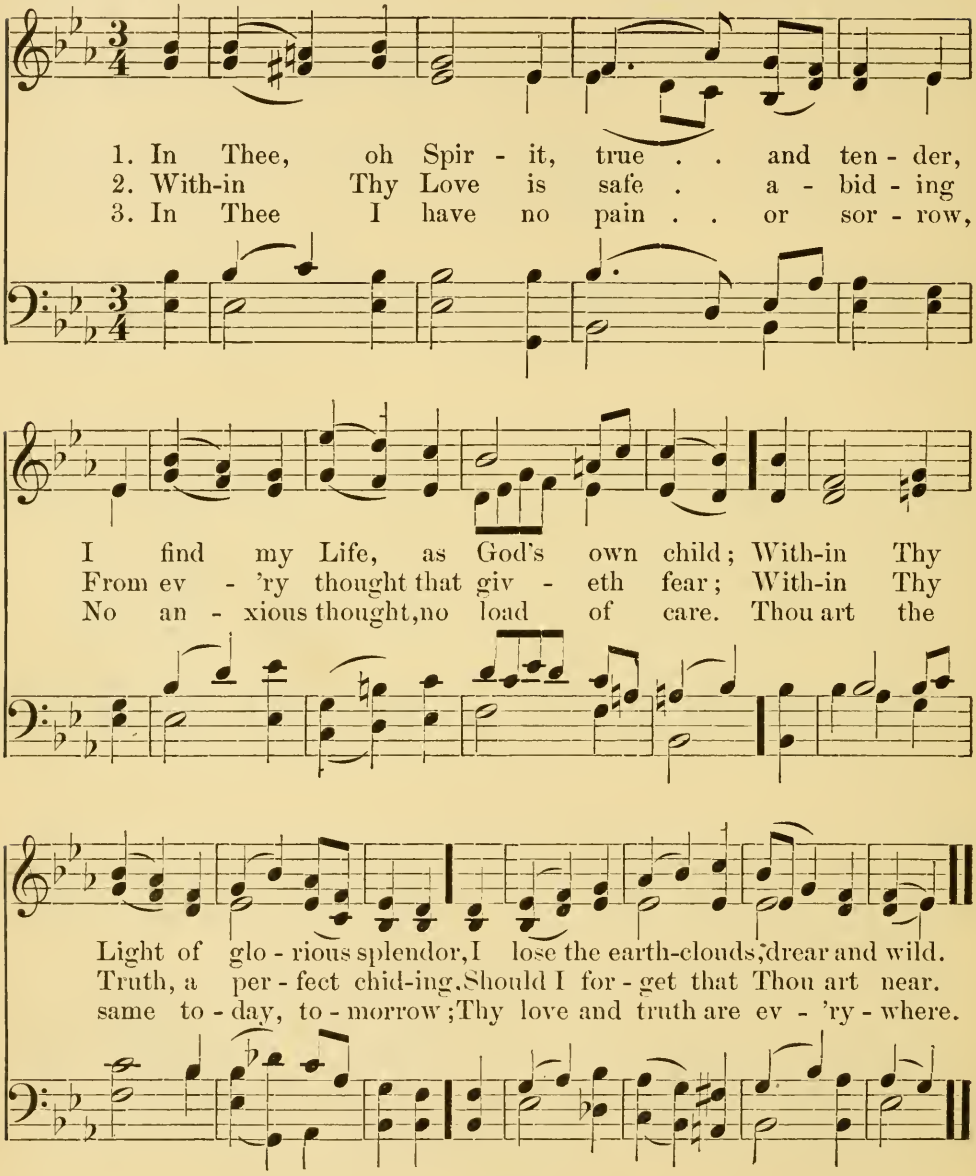
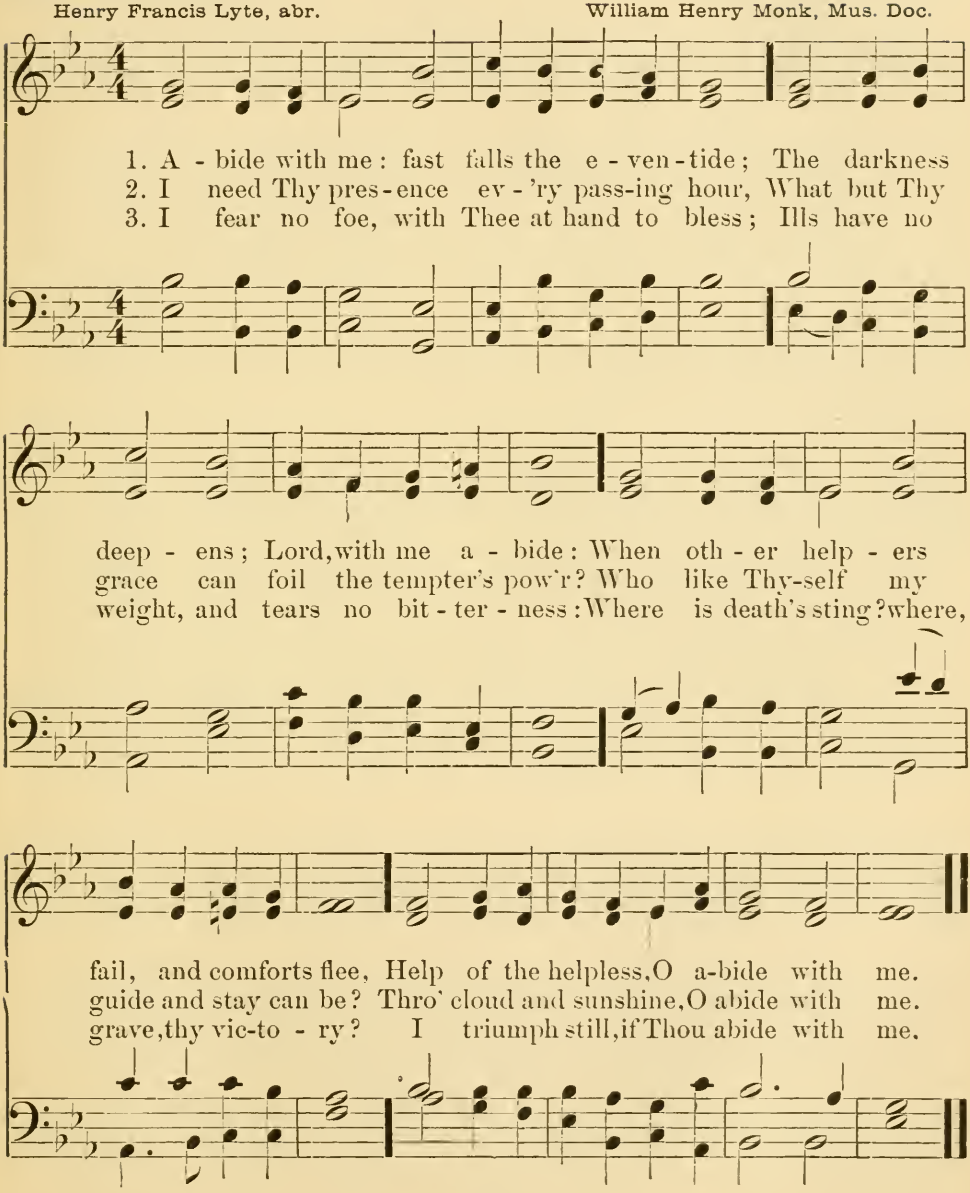
164 St. Vincent. 9s, 8s.

F. A. F., abr. J. Uglow.



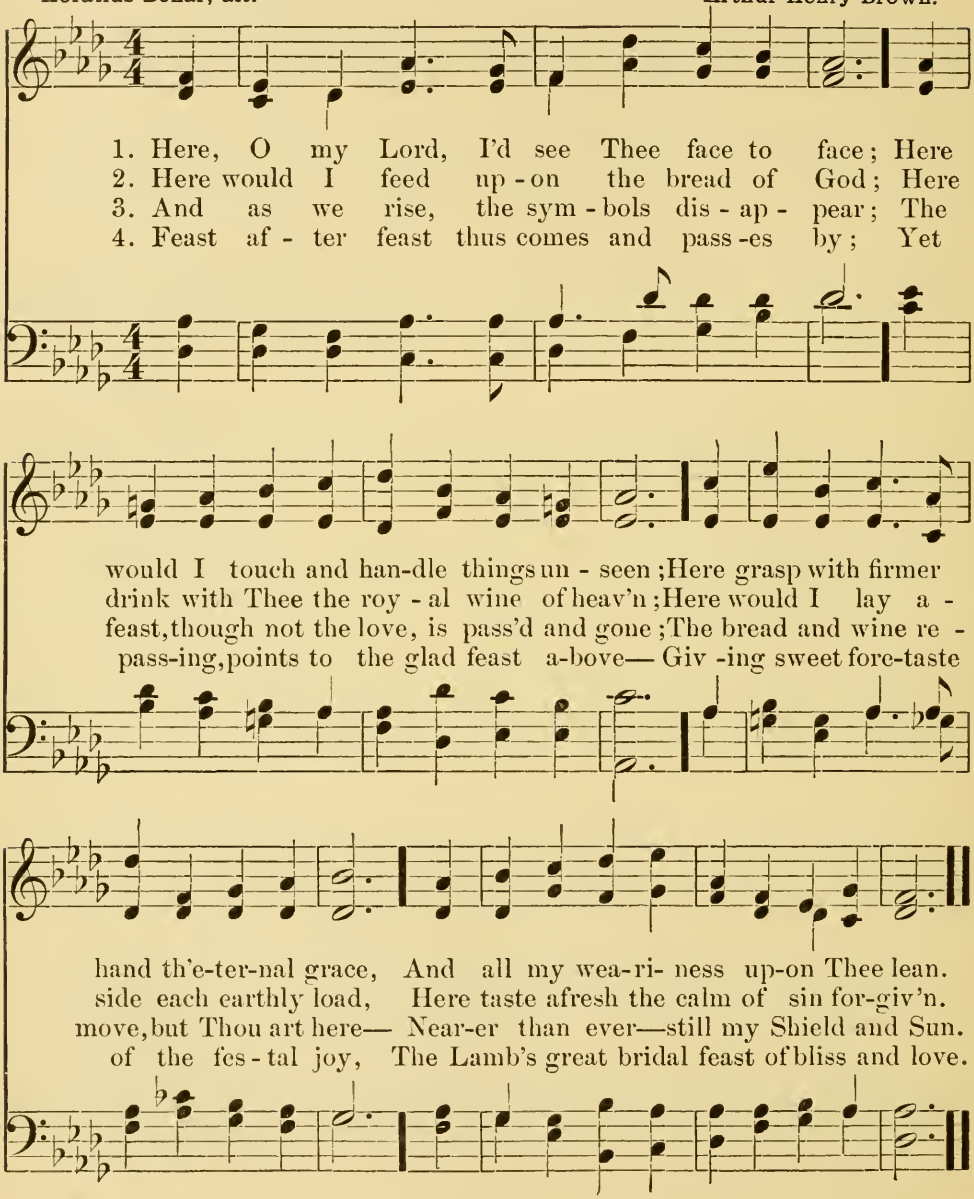
165 Eventide. 10s.

Henry Francis Lyte, abr. William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.



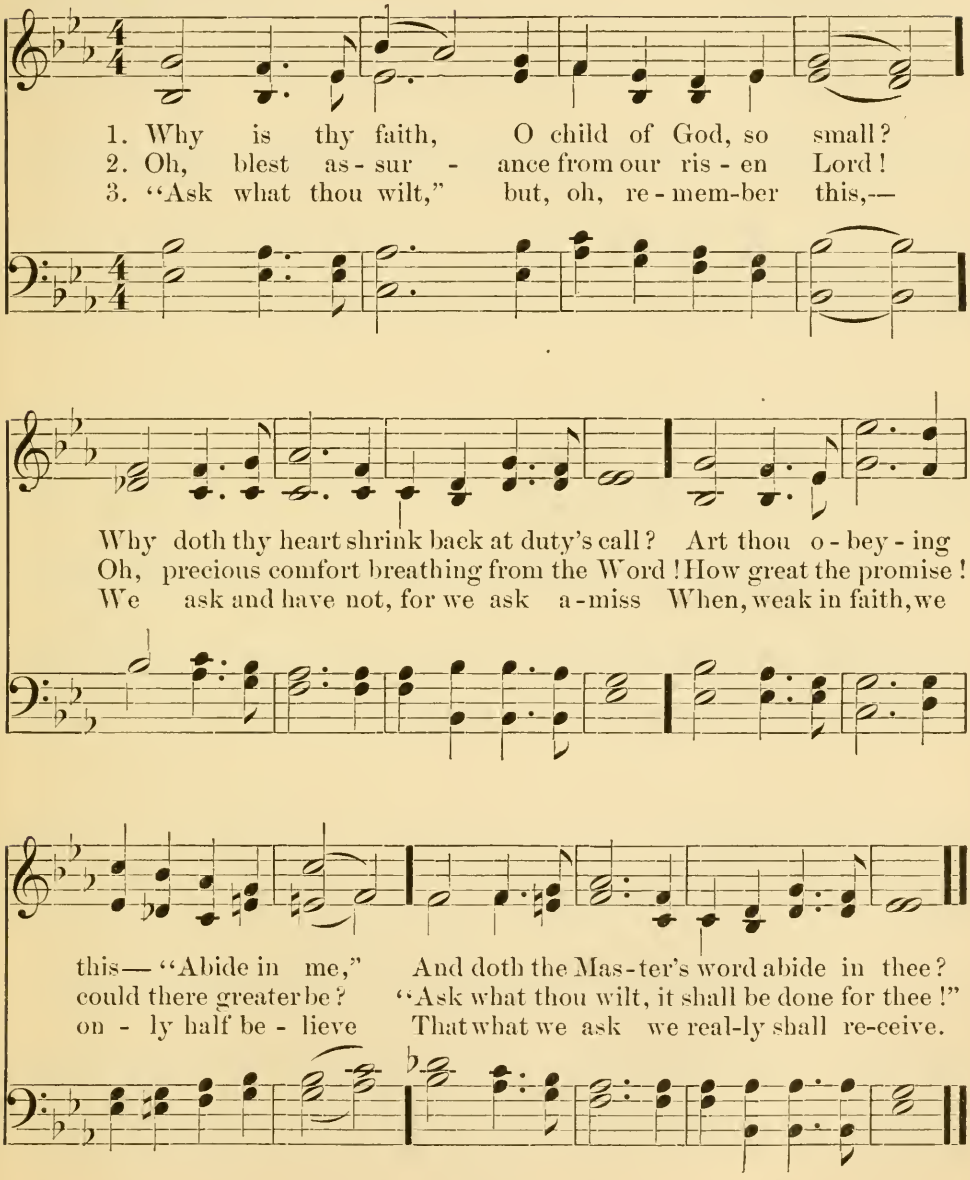
166 Redemptor. 10s.

Horatius Bonar, alt. Arthur Henry Brown.



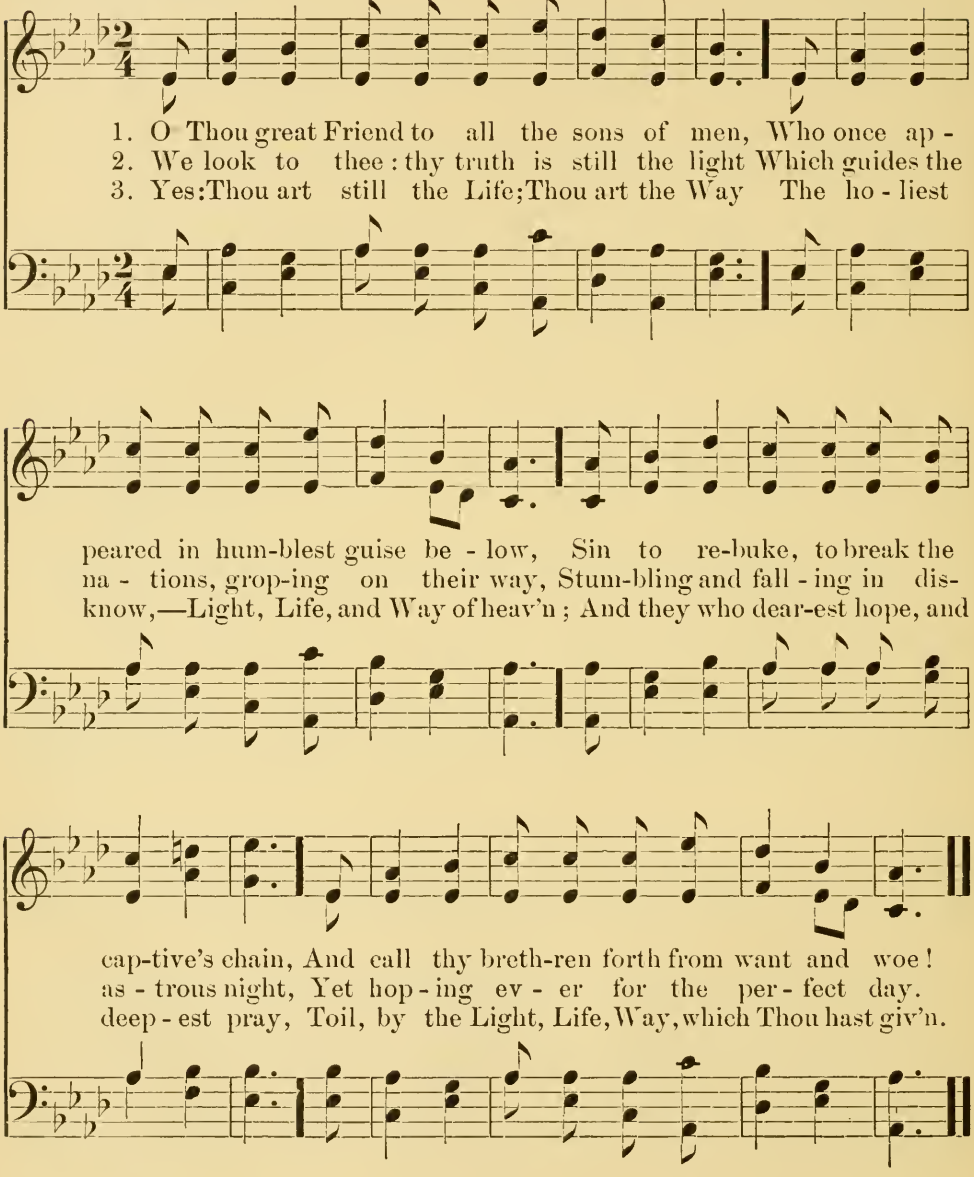
167 Berlin. 10s.

W. F. Sherwin, abr. Mendelssohn.



168 Truth. 10s.

Theodore Parker. I. Pleyel.



169 Lux Benigna. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.

John Henry Newman, abr. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.

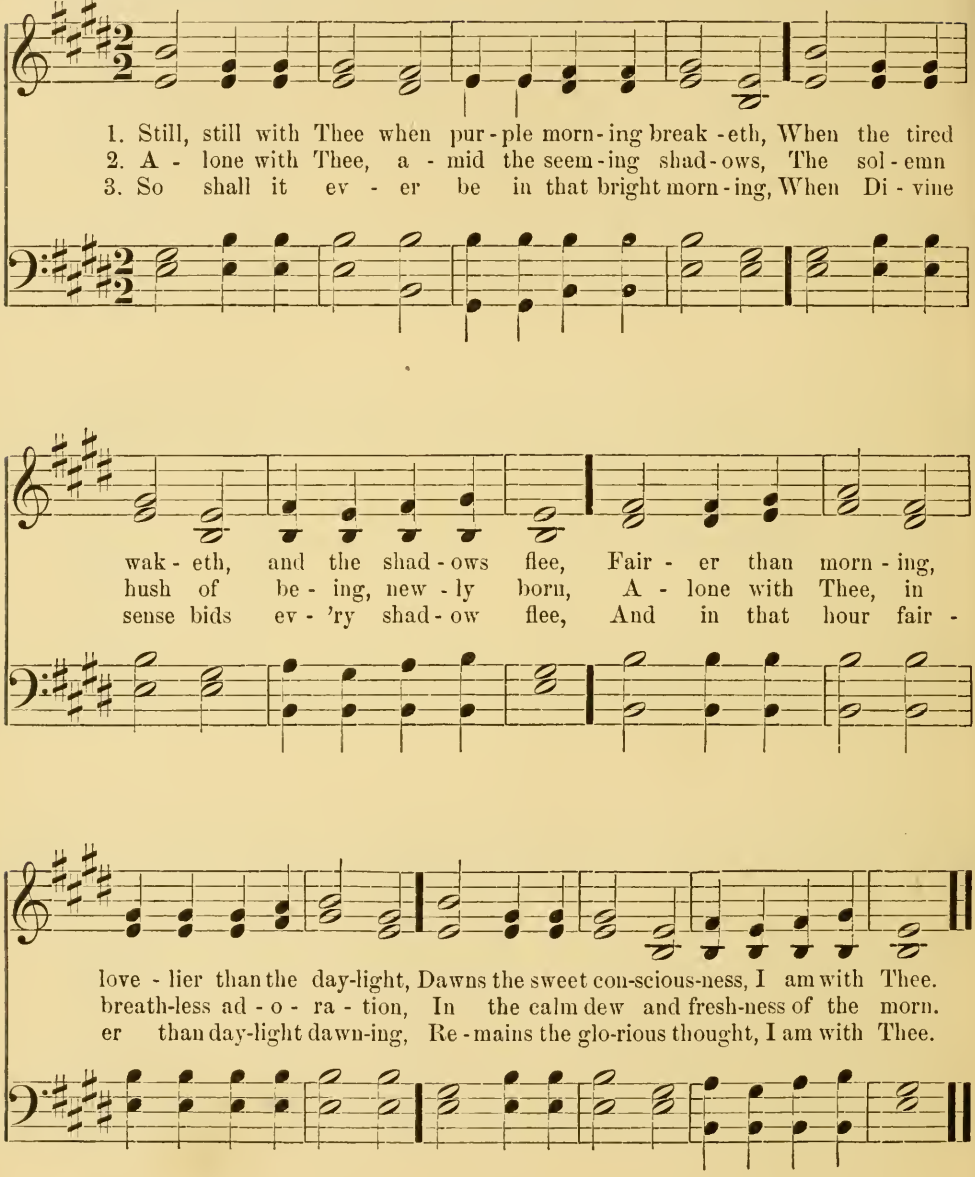
170 Portuguese. 11s.

G. Keith, abr. John Reading.

say, than to you He hath said,— To you, who for
help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by My
hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con -
ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? . To
gra - cious, on - mi - po - tent hand. . Up -
sume, and thy gold to re - fine," . Thy
you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
held by My gra - cious, om - ni - po - tent hand.
dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.

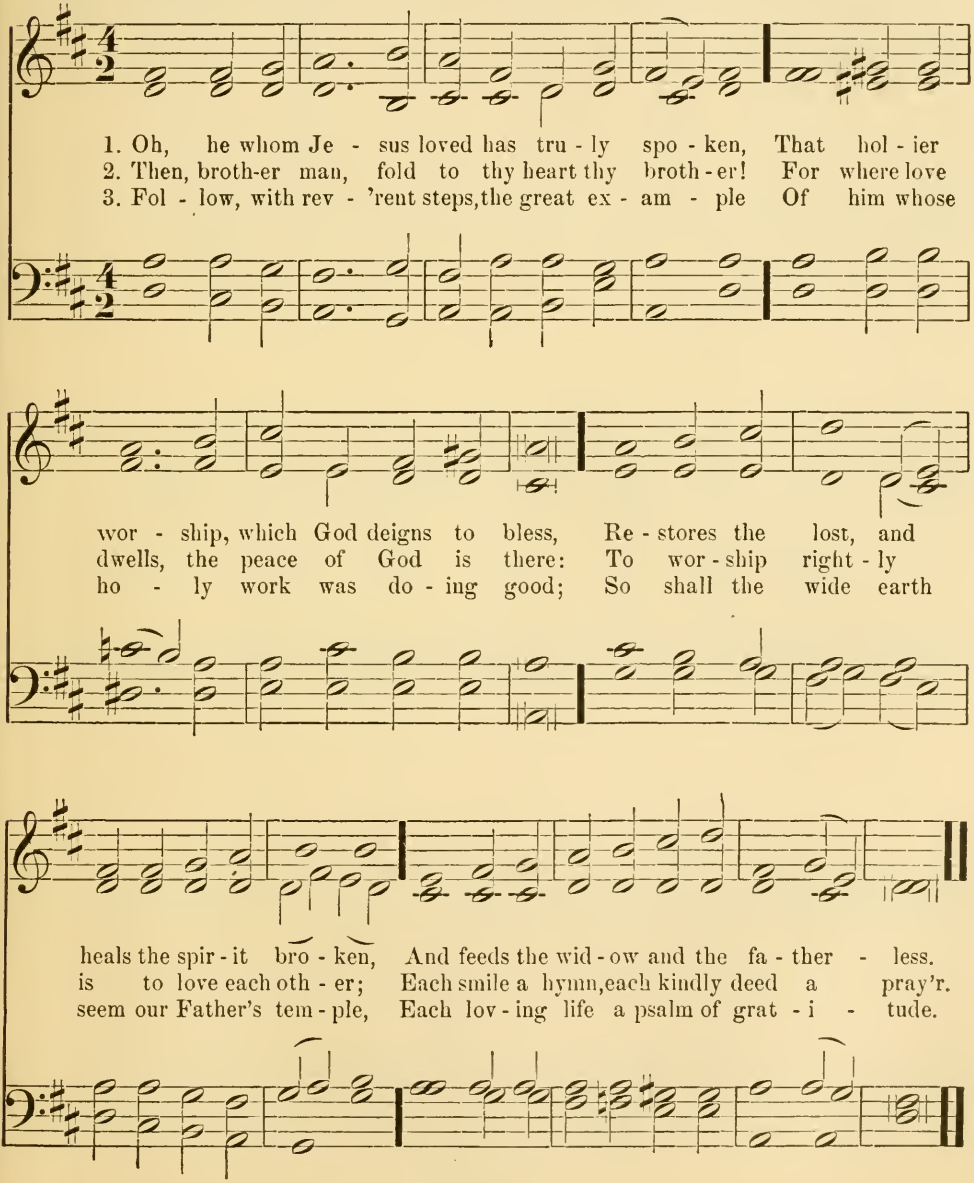
171 Henley. 11s, 10s.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, alt. Lowell Mason.



172 Oh, He Whom Jesus Loved has Truly Spoken. 11s, 10s.

John G. Whittier. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



173 Lyons. 11s (or 12s, 11s).

Anon. Francis Joseph Haydn.

Then up and be do - ing, though
God watch - es a - bove thee, and
cow - ards may fail; Thy du - ty pur -
He will re - quite; De - sert those that
su - ing, dare all and pre - vail!
love thee, but nev - er the right.

174 While Thou, O My God, Art My Help and Defender.

11s (12s, 11s).

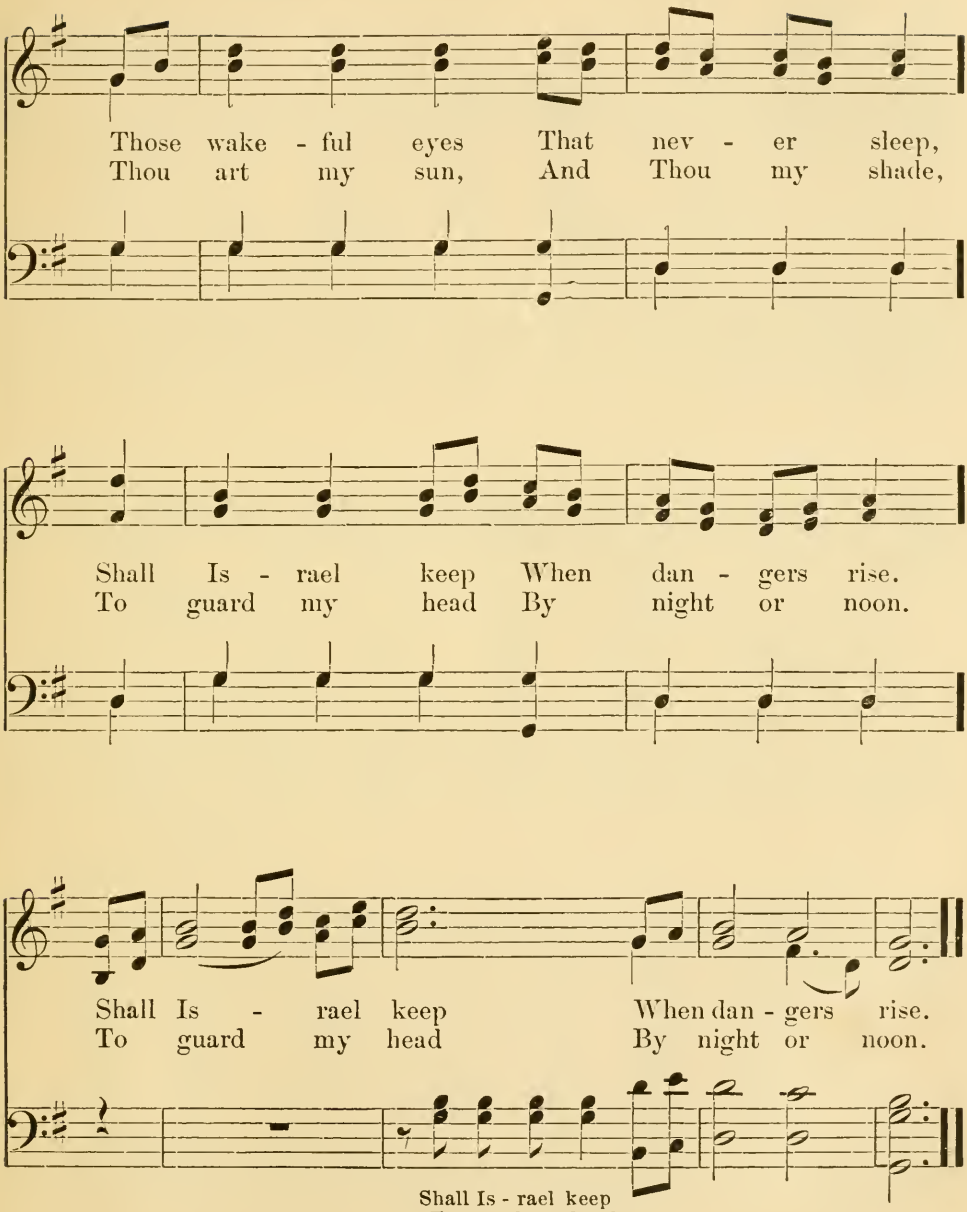
Brackett.

The wiles and the snares of this
My com - fort and joy in this
world will but ren - der More live - ly my
land of the stran - ger, My treas - ure, my
hopes in my God and my all.
glo - ry, my God, and my all.

175 Lischer. H. M.

Watts, alt. and abr.

F. Schneider.


Those wake - ful eyes That nev - er sleep,
Thou art my sun, And Thou my shade,
Shall Is - rael keep When dan - gers rise.
To guard my head By night or noon.
Shall Is - rael keep When dan - gers rise.
To guard my head By night or noon.
Shall Is - rael keep
To guard my head

176 Calm. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

Samuel Longfellow, abr. Thomas Hastings.

And all is well a - gain: . .
I sink be - side the road; . .
And all things in Thy hand; . .
The thought of Thee is might - ier far
But let me on - ly think of Thee,
Thou lead - est me by un - sought ways,
Than sin and pain and sor - row are. . .
And then new heart springs up in me. . .
And turn'st my mourn - ing in - to praise. .

177 Oh, be not Faithless! with the Morn. 8,6,8,6,8,3.

Bernard Barton, alt. Brackett.

At ev - 'ning sow a - gain! . .
The in - crease God shall give, . .
By their ce - les - tial might, . .
Slower.
Bless-ed are they, what -
Ac-cord - ing to His
We should not say, with
Bless-ed are they, ... what - e'er be - tide, . .
Ac - cord-ing to . . . . . His gra-cious will,— .
We should not say, ... with lone - ly dread, .
(ritard ad lib.)
e'er be - tide, Who thus all wa - ters sow be - side.
gra - cious will,—As best His pur - pose may ful - fill.
lone - ly dread, The pow'r of mir - a - cle is fled!

178 Communion Hymn. 10, 7, 7, 7, 9.

Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy. Brackett.

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'Twas the truth that made us free,
And will lift the shade of gloom,
'Tis the Spir - it that makes pure,
Thou the Christ, and not the creed;
And was found by you and me
And for you make ra - diant room
That ex - alts thee, and will cure
Thou the Truth, in thought and deed;
In the life and the love of our Lord.
Midst the glo - ries of one end - less day.
All thy sor - row and sick - ness and sin.
Thou the wa - ter, the bread, and the wine.

179 O'er Waiting Harp-Strings of the Mind. C. M.

Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy. Brackett.

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4 And o'er earth's troubled, angry sea
I see Christ walk,
And come to me, and tenderly,
Divinely talk.

5 Thus Truth engrounds me on the Rock
Upon Life's shore,
'Gainst which the winds and waves can shock,
Oh, nevermore!

6 From tired joy and grief afar,
And nearer Thee,—
Father, where Thine own children are,
I love to be.

7 My prayer, some daily good to do
To Thine, for Thee,—
An off'ring pure of Love, whereto
God leadeth me.

180 O'er Waiting Harp-Strings of the Mind. 8s, 4s.

Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy. Brackett.

SOLO.

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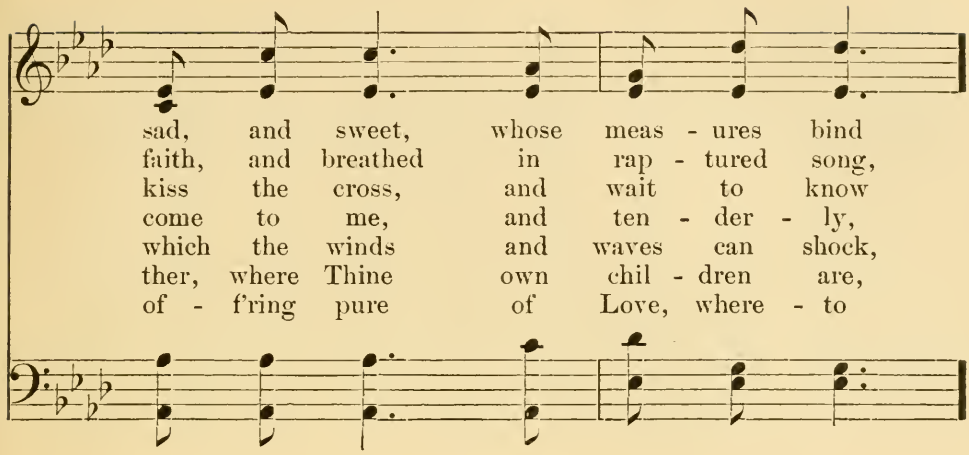
sad, and sweet, whose meas - ures bind
faith, and breathed in rap - tured song,
kiss the cross, and wait to know
come to me, and ten - der - ly,
which the winds and waves can shock,
ther, where Thine own chil - dren are,
of - f'ring pure of Love, where - to

The pow'r of pain.
With love per - fumed.
A world more bright.
Di - vine - ly talk.
Oh, nev - er - more!
I love to be.
God lead - eth me.
The pow'r of pain.
With love per - fumed.
A world more bright.
Di - vine - ly talk.
Oh, nev - er - more!
I love to be.
God lead - eth me.
The pow'r of pain.
With love per - fumed.
A world more bright.
Di - vine - - - - - ly talk.
Oh, nev - - - - - er - - - more!
I love to be.
God lead - - - - - eth me.

181 I'm a Pilgrim and I'm a Stranger.

M. S. B. Dana. Anon.

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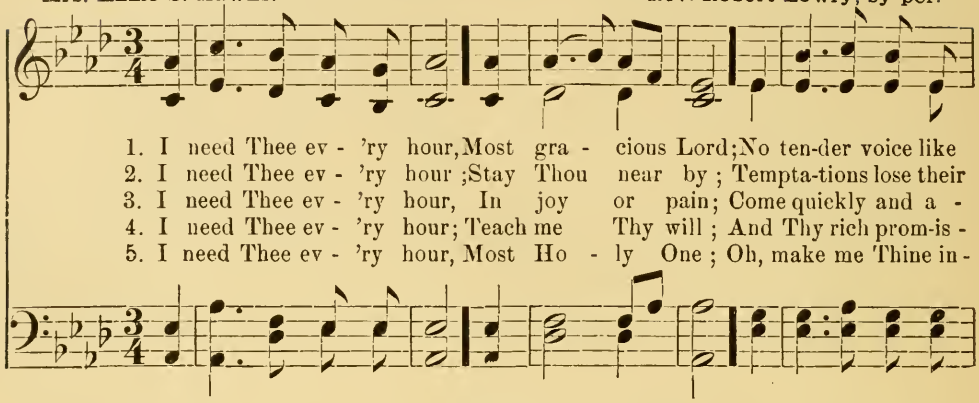
To where the foun - tains are ev - er flow - ing:
I long have wan - dered for - lorn and wear - y:
Nor an - y tears there, nor a - ny dy - ing:
I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger;
I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.

182 I Need Thee Every Hour.

"Without Me ye can do nothing." JOHN 15 : 5.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.



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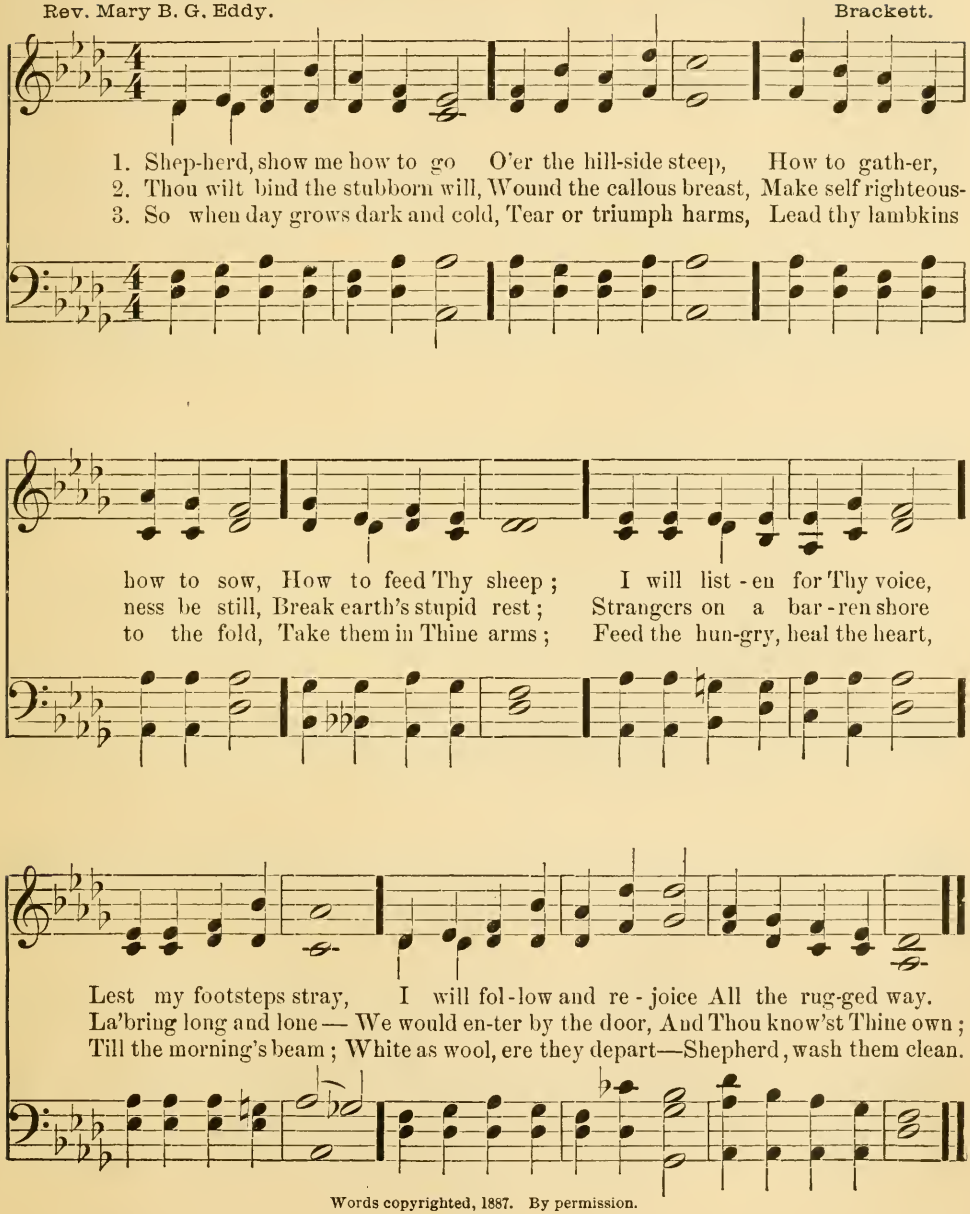
183 Shepherd, Show Me How to Go. 7s, 5s, D.

Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy. Brackett.



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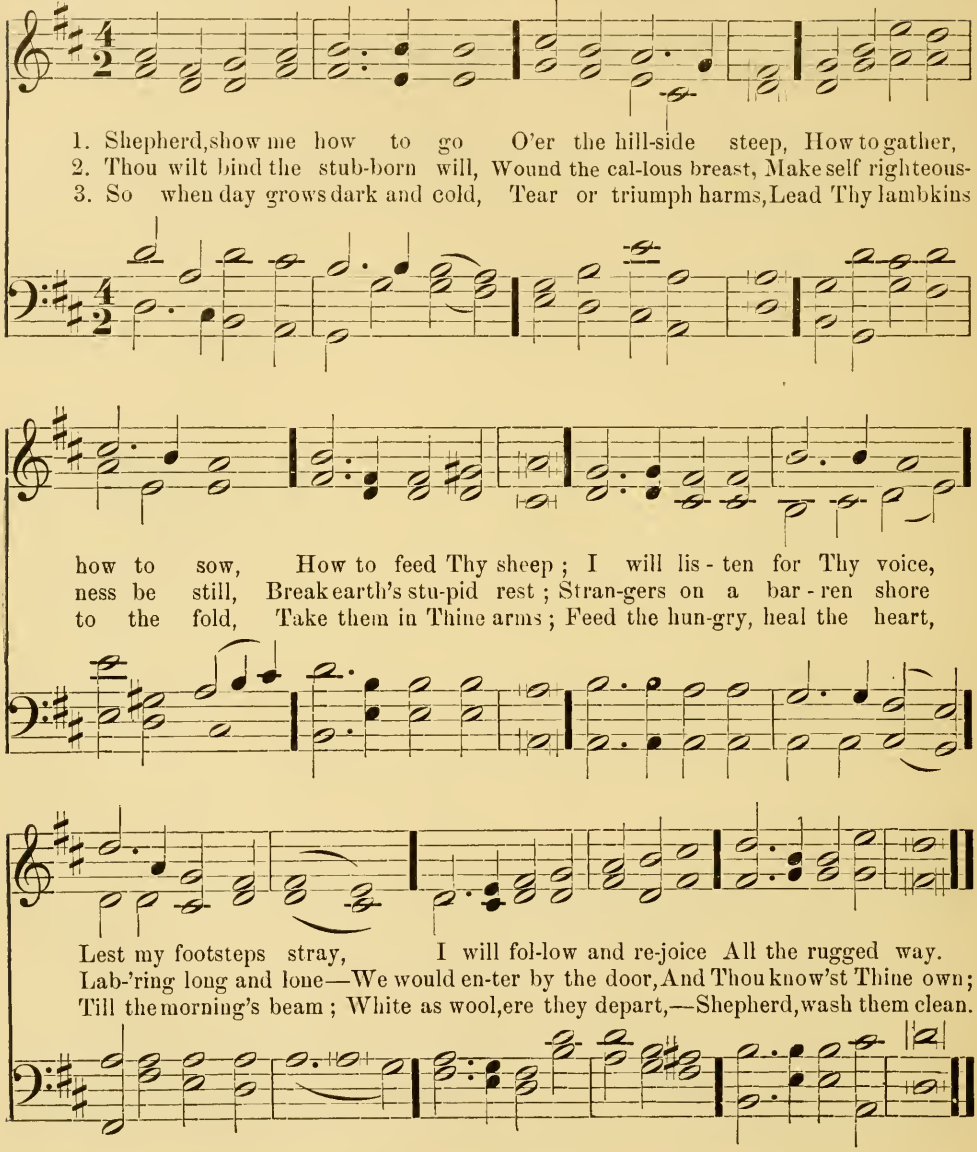
184 Shepherd, Show Me How to Go. 7s, 5s D.

Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy. Sir G. A. MacFarren, Mus. Doc.



185 Abide with Me: Fast Falls the Eventide. 10s.

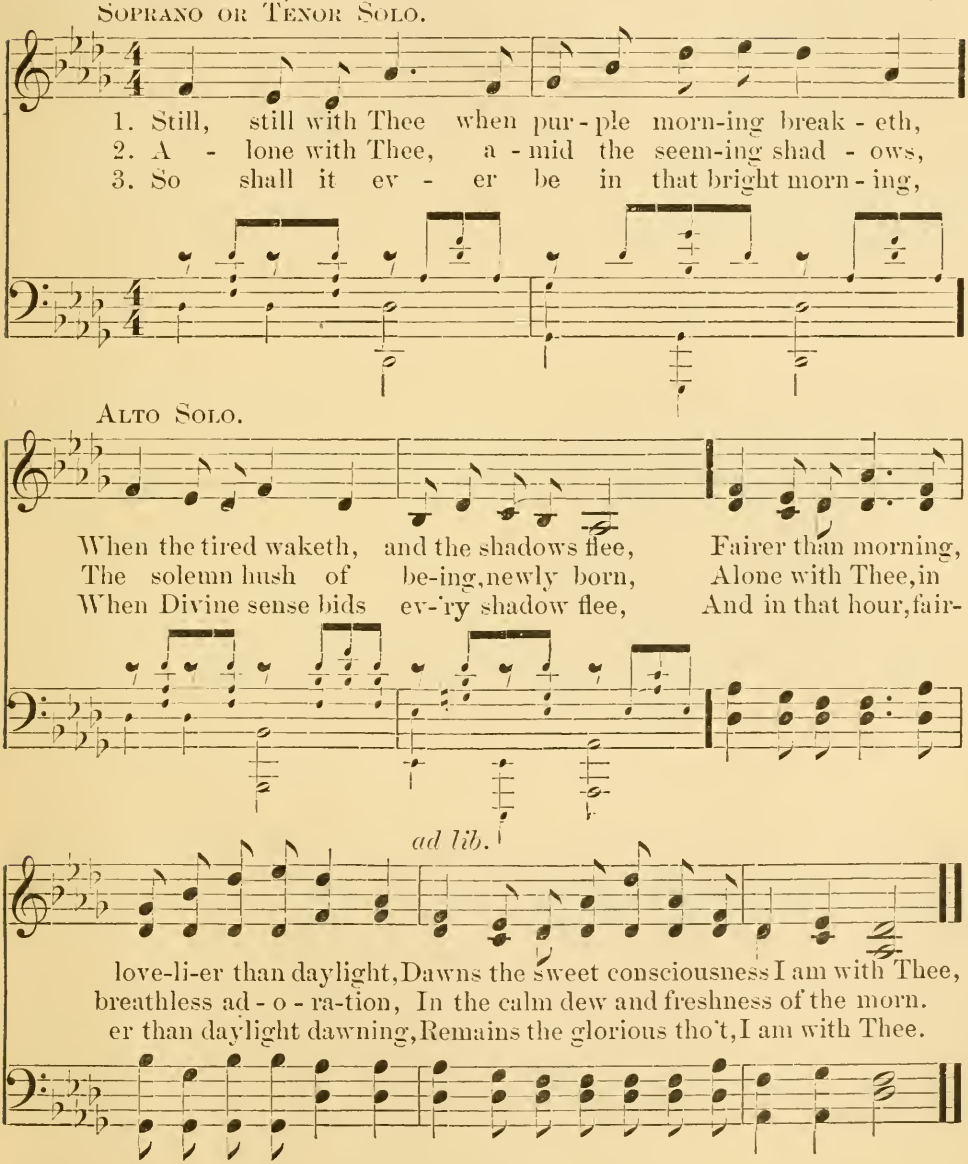
Henry Francis Lyte, abr. Brackett.

186 In Thee, Oh Spirit, True and Tender. 9s, 8s.

F. A. F., abr. Brackett.

187 Still, still with Thee when Purple Morning Breaketh. 11s, 10s.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, alt. Brackett.



188 Lead, Kindly Light, Amid the Encircling Gloom.

10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.

John Henry Newman, abr. Brackett.

Lead . . Thou . . me on! . . .
Lead . . Thou . . me on! . . .
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,
The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.

189 Nearer, My God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee. 6s, 4s.

Sarah F. Adams. Brackett.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

The small notes are to be sung, but very softly.

190 Rouse, ye Soldiers!

Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong. — 1 Cor. 16 : 13.

M. H. Tipton. J. H. F.

Earnestly.

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Chorus.
Rouse ye! Rouse ye! Rouse ye, sol-diers, brave and
strong, brave and strong, Bold - ly fight for the truth and
1
2
right, And win the vic - tor's crown, crown.

191 God Made All His Creatures Free. 7s.

Montgomery, alt. and abr. Brackett.

The small notes are for accompaniment only.

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The God who made both heaven and earth	*Coventry*	English Melody	79
The hopes Thy holy word supplies		Brackett	22
The lifted eye and bended knee		Brackett	36
The loving Friend to all who bowed		Smith	82
The morning light is breaking	*Webb*	Webb	147
The Spirit breathes upon the word		Brackett	42
Theories which thousands cherish	*St. Sylvester*	Dykes	123
They are slaves who will not choose	*Herford*	English Tune	143
They who seek the throne of grace	*Dijon*	Ger. Evening Hymn	141
Thine is a living way	*Laban*	Mason	99
Thou art the Way, to Thee alone	*Heber*	Kingsley	75
Thy will, almighty Father, Thine		Wesley	24
'Tis God the Spirit leads	*St. Thomas*	Tansur	101
To us a Child of Hope is born	*Christmas*	Handel	69
True, the heart grows rich in giving		Haydn	126
Truth comes alike to all		Brackett	160
Upon the Gospel's sacred page	*Zephyr*	Bradbury	15
Vainly, through night's weary hours		Brackett	124
Wait, my heart, upon the Lord		Brackett	140
Walk in the light! So thou shalt know	*Peterborough*	Harrison	63
Walk with your God, along the road		Smart	76
Watchman, tell us of the night	*Watchman*	Mason	146
We may not climb the heavenly steeps	*Arlington*	Arne	49
We say to all men far and near		Brackett	46
We walk by faith of joys to come		Brackett	72
Well for him who all things losing	*Rathbun*	Conkey	115
Whatever dims thy sense of truth		Brackett	50
What is thy birthright, man	*St. Cecilia*	Hayne	155
When God is seen with men to dwell	*Wareham*	Knapp	21
When Jesus, our great Master, came	*Hamburg*	Arr. by Mason	29
When like a stranger on our sphere	*Retreat*	Hastings	19
While Thou, O my God, art my help and defender		Brackett	174
Why is thy faith, O child of God, so small?	*Berlin*	Mendelssohn	167
Why search the future and the past	*All Saints*	Knapp	11
With Love and Peace and Joy supreme		Dykes	122
Word of Life, most pure, most strong	*Pleyel*	Pleyel	139
Ye messengers of Christ		Oakley	106
Ye timid saints, fresh courage take		Brackett	62
Ye servants of the Lord	*Athol*	Harrison	105

literature by purity and by power, and which immortalize in this time and for all others, the legacy to literature of Alphonse Daudet.

drifted-snow-like whiteness of the officials. The President would say: "In this bag is $100,000 in gold; in this envelop are $200,000 in Government coupon bonds; in this buff envelop is a quarter of a million dollars in State securities," and so on. It would be a waste of stationery to open the sealed envelops, and a waste of twine to cut the string of the bag; but one day, when the bank closed its doors, a real examination was made; it appeared that the bag contained nickels and coppers; and the envelops, the best of paper.

A city, lying on a large river, had, half a century ago, acquired a high reputation for the excellence and purity of its water-supply. All the geographies spoke with admiration of the Schuylkill Water Works. In time, manufacturing cities grew up all along the line of the Schuylkill, which was a convenient and natural receptacle for their sewage. Typhoid became an established institution. Fish, accustomed to a purer element, declined to live in an aquarium filled from the Schuylkill. But any one who ventured upon criticism, or suggested improvement, was silenced by a reference to the reputation of the city, and by the authority of the geographies. Over the resting-place of the typhoid victims might be inscribed, "Died of the good name of the city of Penn."

Early in this century, in one of the States lying south of the St. Lawrence and west of the Atlantic, a most respectable gentleman opened a girls' school. Good schools were rare. He speedily gained a name. Unfortunately he allowed himself to live on it. He saw no need for progress. New methods came up; he ignored them. New men arose, wide-awake men, who had their fortune and their reputation to make, who felt a divine discontent with all that had been achieved. Meanwhile, he, wrapped in his good reputation as in a mantle, smiled serene upon their eager enthusiasm, and seemed to say, "This unrest is all very well for you unknown experimenters; but for me—is it not well known that my school is the best in the State, and no doubt in the country, and probably in the world? I would not arrogate to myself too much. What may lie beyond Orion and the Pleiades, I do not affirm, I only observe with the modesty of true worth that, if you want to see the perfect teacher and the ideal school, I recommend you to call upon me between the hours of nine and two, on any secular day, Saturdays, vacations and public holidays excepted." This excellent man had no need to offer the prayer of the Scotchman, "O Lord, be pleased to gie me a gude conceit of myself"; he was born to the heritage. And so his stage-coach continued to make its decorous six miles an hour, while the lightning express and the Flying Yankee gazed at him from their rear windows, as they left him at the rate of forty-five miles. Alas, his early and easily gained reputation was his ruin!

An Evening with the Christian Scientists.

BY PROF. JAMES MAIN DIXON,

OF WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, ST. LOUIS.

IT is an attractive and comfortable auditorium, in the Italian chapel style, and would be altogether pleasing to the eye were some Gothic incongruities in the way of windows and arches done away with. The audience is large, with women preponderating. They are all "nice-appearing" people, and would compare favorably with any similar gathering of one of the older sects. Seated on the platform is a man of pleasant aspect, who presides. Above him, in an organ loft, are a lady organist and a male soloist.

The service begins with a hymn of good Dr. Isaac Watts. Thereafter the chairman proceeds to read passages from the Scriptures, taken from different books only vaguely indicated; from Joshua, Mark, the Gospel of John, and one of John's Epistles. Because of the vague indications one has simply to listen to the words as they are recited, without being able to consult the printed book to discover the context. As to an intelligent reader, text without context loses half its value, the omission is significant. The same omission of exact indications is common in extreme High Church pulpits—as if the verbal combination in the text was to be accepted as a divine message in itself.

After finishing the reading of these passages the chairman proceeds to read extracts from the other authoritative book of his sect, the "Science and Health," of Mary Baker G. Eddy, "discoverer and founder of Christian Science." Here again the reading is fragmentary and *ex cathedra*.

A hymn, announced as the composition of the same "founder and discoverer of Christian Science," is next given out. As it is a production worthy of examination, I transcribe it in full:

"Shepherd, show me how to go
O'er the hillside steep;
How to gather, how to sow,
How to feed Thy sheep.
I will listen for Thy voice,
Lest my footsteps stray,
I will follow and rejoice
All the rugged way.

"Thou wilt bind the stubborn will,
Wound the callous breast,
Make self-righteousness be still,
Break earth's stupid rest.
Strangers on a barren shore,
Lab'ring long and lone,
We would enter by the door,
And Thou know'st Thine own.

"So when day grows dark and cold,
Fear or triumph harms,
Lead Thy lambkins to the fold,
Take them in Thine arms.
Feed the hungry, heal the heart,
Till the morning's beam;
White as wool, ere they depart
Shepherd, wash them clean."

I look into the hymn-book to see if there are other hymns by the same writer, but find none. The above may, therefore, be treated as thoroughly typical of her mind and method, and it interests me to dissect it.

There is a honeyed "jabberwok" sweetness about the flow of the lines which shows a certain talent for verse composition. But when we come to the "studied argument and much persuasion sought" that are the glory of a really good lyric, then, indeed, we are left sadly to seek. The first two lines give a perfectly intelligible picture of a hillside, a shepherd, and a deputy or disciple shepherd. Any transition from this picture and imagery should be made definitely and advisedly. And yet in the third line we are brusquely introduced to "sowing and harvesting." These are a husbandman's duties, and foreign to a shepherd's task. The intrusion of this alien image in the third line is surely an impertinence.

The second double stanza begins with a mere tissue of badly conceived and poorly expressed platitudes, having nothing in the world to do with pastoral care—or, indeed, with any other kind of intelligent care. "Break earth's stupid rest" is a cacophonous combination, and the poorest line in the composition. The other four lines seem a travesty of the noble passage in the book of the Revelation: "Behold I stand at the door and knock," with everything topsy-turvy. To describe God's people on earth as lonely strangers in a barren land, thankful to God for an occasional night's lodging, is at once unscriptural and repulsive. The last stanza returns definitely to the pastoral imagery, the first line recalling the steep hillside mentioned in the opening lines. But if so, what have sheep or lambkins to do with tears or triumphs? Why should the process of healing and feeding continue only "till the morning's beam"? When did it become part of a shepherd's duty to wash his sheep white as snow, as if they were poodle-dogs? Sheep-washing is a very different process.

These thoughts pass through my mind as I try to sing the hymn intelligently. It is evident to me that the writer is a woman who is not accustomed to deal with realities, but sees things through the haze of a dreamy sentimentalism.

After the singing of the hymn members of the fellowship are invited to relate their experiences. One after another rises, and bears witness to the benefits that have resulted to them or their friends from following the treatment of Christian Science. Two words of their special vocabulary constantly recur: "claim," signifying any affliction they are called upon to resist and subdue, and "demonstrate," signifying the application of their faith cure.

The first speaker, a woman, relates that she was awakened with a "claim," and that after two days' struggle, being assisted by an older believer, she got the better of it. The previous attack had lasted for three weeks.

The next speaker, a man, bears testimony to a cure worked upon a child who suffered from astigmatism. The efforts of a believer had enabled her to dispense instantaneously with the glasses she had worn, and she has since read with ease. Another witness, a woman, testifies to strength wonderfully received for laundry work, when in a feeble state of body. Another witness, a man, asserts that a friend, a confirmed inebriate, has been thoroughly cured,

through prayer and faith, of his vicious habit. Still another witness, a woman, in a somewhat desultory narrative, gives the story of a friend's recovery from a cancer in the stomach, which defied the skill of the physicians.

There is a simplicity and a sincerity in the different testimonies which would demand a gentle criticism. And yet that lack, so manifest in the hymn, of any cohesion in thought, makes one certain that one and every case will break down under the powerful analysis of a strictly scientific examination. Evidently the first case of an affliction passing away in two days, instead of in three weeks, proves nothing whatever. The case of astigmatism must be referred to an original incorrect diagnosis on the part of the oculist who prescribed the glasses. The third case proves nothing. The fourth case is exactly such a case as spiritual methods can attack, and successfully. The fifth case rests for its value entirely upon the correctness of the original diagnosis. Cancer is a disease by no means always correctly diagnosed; on the contrary, even experts are frequently at loggerheads in respect to its symptoms.

Cases of wrong diagnosis are, indeed, so frequent with raw young doctors, or stupid old ones, that the first question one would ask in the case of a remarkable cure is this: Was the disease really the serious one described? But in this meeting, among these good people, close thought of any kind is remarkably absent. I find that the hymns written by other members of the sect are marked by the same extraordinary lack of lucidity. How could a woman, in the state of mind that produced such a verse as this, be relied upon either for a correct exegesis or a correct diagnosis?

> "It is the strait and narrow way,
> That leads to that eternal day;
> That turns my darkness into light,
> That buries wrong and honors right."

A profitable and living Christian theology depends for its existence on a correct and enlightened exegesis; a profitable and progressive medical science depends on care and skill in diagnosis. Both of these characteristics are evidently completely absent from Christian Science; and I leave the room feeling that my friend's objection to this new faith is valid. It is not Christianity, and it is not science.

Gambling and Speculation.

BY JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.,
PASTOR OF CITY TEMPLE, LONDON.

GAMBLING! What defense can be set up for that cancer-crime? Gambling is absolutely without any defense that can stand the test of criticism. The gambler himself cannot honestly defend his baneful practice. If any respect is due to the authority of the greatest men in the world, we ought now to combine to put down the infamous crime of gambling. The greatest Italian statesman, Cavour, has condemned it; the greatest Spanish statesman, Castelar, has condemned it; the greatest English lawyer, Blackstone, has condemned it; one of the greatest English poets, Dryden, has condemned it, saying:

> "Bets at first were fool-traps, where the wise,
> Like spiders, lay in ambush for the flies."

No good man has ever spoken a single word in praise of gambling. Is it not a pity for young men to espouse any cause for which no honest defense can be set up? Goodness has a defense, evil has none. Sobriety has a defense, drunkenness has none. Honest money-making has a defense, gambling has none. By the very ordination of Divine Providence, gambling ruins both the winner and the loser. The winner has no real comfort in his wealth. In an hour of excitement he may feign to be happy, but at the heart of his gladness there is a serpent he cannot strangle. The winner to-day may be the loser to-morrow. The nervous excitement is followed by an inevitable and tremendous reaction. What does the voice of Wisdom say? The plea is very subtle, and ought to be very persuasive. The voice of Wisdom says: "He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul." The man is actually devouring himself. Every bad thought degrades the quality of the brain. Every evil passion leaves a man poorer than it found him. In gaining money he is losing his manhood. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" These are the searching appeals of the Christian religion; they bring the very voice of God into the court and sanctuary of the human soul. Let every young man write it in the very center of his heart, that to sin against Wisdom is not only to sin against God, but is, actually, to drive the soul itself into destitution and ruin. This applies to all the forms of vice which we have specifically to denounce, and certainly it does not apply least to the growing crime of gambling.

I cannot restrain myself from pointing out that there is a gambling which hides its hideous features under the less offensive description of speculation. In my judgment the truly wise man, the man of statesmanlike mind, will keep speculation at a safe distance. Betting may be denounced as vulgar, and altogether fit only for the gutter and the circus carpeted with sawdust and orange-peel; whereas speculation may be described by its votaries, its victims in reality, as an exercise approaching the dignity of a fine art. It is falsely supposed to be the genius of commerce. An unbridled fancy would not hesitate to describe speculation as the very poetry of business. Many commercial Miltons fancy they are born to cultivate this Paradise Regained. Away with all such fantastic and mischievous nonsense! The Stock Exchange is the bottomless pit of London. Perhaps you will suppose that I am dealing with all Stock Exchange transactions in one sweeping condemnation; but I am doing nothing of the kind. Sweeping condemnation often defeats its own objects. There are men on the Stock Exchange, in every city of the Empire, who do their business honestly and to the satisfaction of all parties concerned in their transactions. There are Christian stock-brokers, men who are not afraid either of Christian profession or of Christian service. I make this admission in the broadest spirit of justice and generosity. But that does not prevent my repeating that the Stock Exchange is the bottomless pit of London. It is worse than useless for men of business to warn young men against gambling if they are gambling themselves. Thou that preachest "Do not steal," dost thou steal? Thou that preachest "Do not gamble," dost thou thyself gamble? Do not cover up gambling under the gaudy dress of speculation, and do not condemn as gambling what you are in very deed doing under a less repulsive description. I do not know a more dangerous counselor for young men than the man who advises them not to go to excess, under the plea that the thing itself may be right, but it may be driven into criminal exaggeration. In my judgment it is not the degree of gambling which is bad, but the thing itself, in its root and branch, and twig and leaf—a upas-tree charged with poison and death. To gamble at all is to go to excess. Do you warn young men in your commercial offices not to go to excess in robbery? Would you permit a clerk to steal a pound out of your safe, but punish him if he took a guinea? There is no moderation in theft. There is no permissible point along the deep black line of burglary. To steal a penny is to steal the Bank of England. Not the quantity of the deed, but the quality of the deed determines its turpitude. Do any of you men of business say to your young men: "You must be very careful not to go to excess in lying?" You smile at the very suggestion. Take care, therefore, lest you wink at the young man who lies for you, because, I warn you that the man who lies for you to-day, will lie to you to-morrow. There are no white lies. There are no pardonable lies. Under all circumstances lying is absolutely forbidden. I apply the same rule to gambling: up and down, through and through, in and out, it is one of the subtlest and mightiest seductions of the Devil.

Yes! It is a mighty seduction—a temptation almost irresistible. The Tempter says to a young man, Why toil for a pound or two a week when by one stroke of luck you might, as a gambler, make a thousand pounds? Why walk to your destination when you can fly to it? The young man sees how men of good business standing can make a thousand pounds in an hour, while he himself probably makes less than a pound a week. Such a young man is in a condition to receive temptation. What are the great fallacies upon which that young man is proceeding? First of all, he is proceeding upon a false estimate of money. It is, after all, very little that money can do. There is a poverty that is wealth, and there is a wealth that is poverty. "The love of money is the root of all evil." Like the horseleech, its, cry is "Give, give." In the next place the young man is proceeding upon the fallacy that chance is good security. He forgets that he who wins to-day may lose to-morrow. There is no solidity in the way of money-getting. He is the victim of fickle fortune. To-day he laughs merrily over his gains; to-morrow he is driven to madness by his losses. Who will accept a security so rotten and so mocking? The third grand mistake which the young gambler makes, or is tempted to make, is that labor is degrading. This fallacy, indeed, lies at the very root of many economical theories of life [illegible]